

NIGHTMARE



75¢
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NO.14
AUG
1973

T.M.



...THERE ARE MANY MACABRE PLACES IN THIS WORLD WHERE UNEXPLAINED **THINGS** ABIDE. THINGS THAT ARE TOTALLY BEYOND SCIENTIFIC OR HUMAN UNDERSTANDING... ONE OF THESE PLACES IS **EASTER ISLAND** IN THE **PACIFIC OCEAN**, AN ISLAND ONLY 14 BY 7 MILES, SHAPED LIKE A **TRIANGLE** WITH AN EXTINGUISHED **VOLCANO** AT EACH CORNER, AND ON THAT PLACE THERE ARE CERTAIN **PRE-HISTORIC STATUES**... 600 OF THEM EACH FROM 12 TO 25 FEET IN HEIGHT.

THE LARGEST IS IN A PIT ON THE SIDE OF A **VOLCANO**, IS OVER **40 FEET TALL** AND WEIGHS **50 TONS**. THERE IS AN UNFINISHED STATUE NEARBY OVER **69 FEET**.

WHAT IS THE MACABRE **TRUTH** BEHIND IT? SOME **WILD SPECULATION**... IMAGINING **SPACEMEN** BROUGHT THEM TO THE ISLAND OR THAT AN ADVANCED **EGYPTIAN CIVILIZATION** MADE THEM... BOTH LITTER **FICTION**!

THE **TRUTH** IS THAT ALL **600 STATUES** WERE MADE RIGHT ON THE ISLAND, FASHIONED OF **VOLCANIC ROCK** BY EARLY CIVILIZATIONS IN THE 4TH AND 5TH CENTURIES A.D. THEY WERE **CEREMONIAL STATUES** USED BY THE NATIVES TO WARD OFF **VOLCANO GODS**.

THE EASTER ISLAND THINGS



NIGHTMARE

— EDITED BY ALAN HEWETSON —

— PUBLISHED BY ISRAEL WALDMAN AND HERSCHEL WALDMAN

— CONTRIBUTORS: COVER ARTIST VILANOVA

MAELO CINTRON DELA ROSA ED FEDORY

DOUG MOENCH RUBIO SUSO VILAMONTE

...THIS IS THE END
OF THE EARTH
ISSUE...



...welcome...

...to the

Lunatic
Issue...

...wherein we look
at the Diary of a
Madman, fall victim
to the Plastic
Plague, witness the
Death of the 80th
Victim, and endure
the agony along with
the Human Gargoyles
as they do battle
with the thing from
underneath ... all making
this the...

...Nightmare underneath
in the
Asylum...

...THIS...IS THE LUNATIC **HORROR-MOOD** MAGAZINE...

...AND THE
**CORRUPT
SHALDNE!!**

THE
**PLASTIC
PLAGUE!**

DEATH
of the 80th Victim!

and they did
battle with the
thing from

THE **BUTCHERED AT
EARTH'S CORE!!!**

THE **CREATURE
FROM THE
BLACK LAGOON**

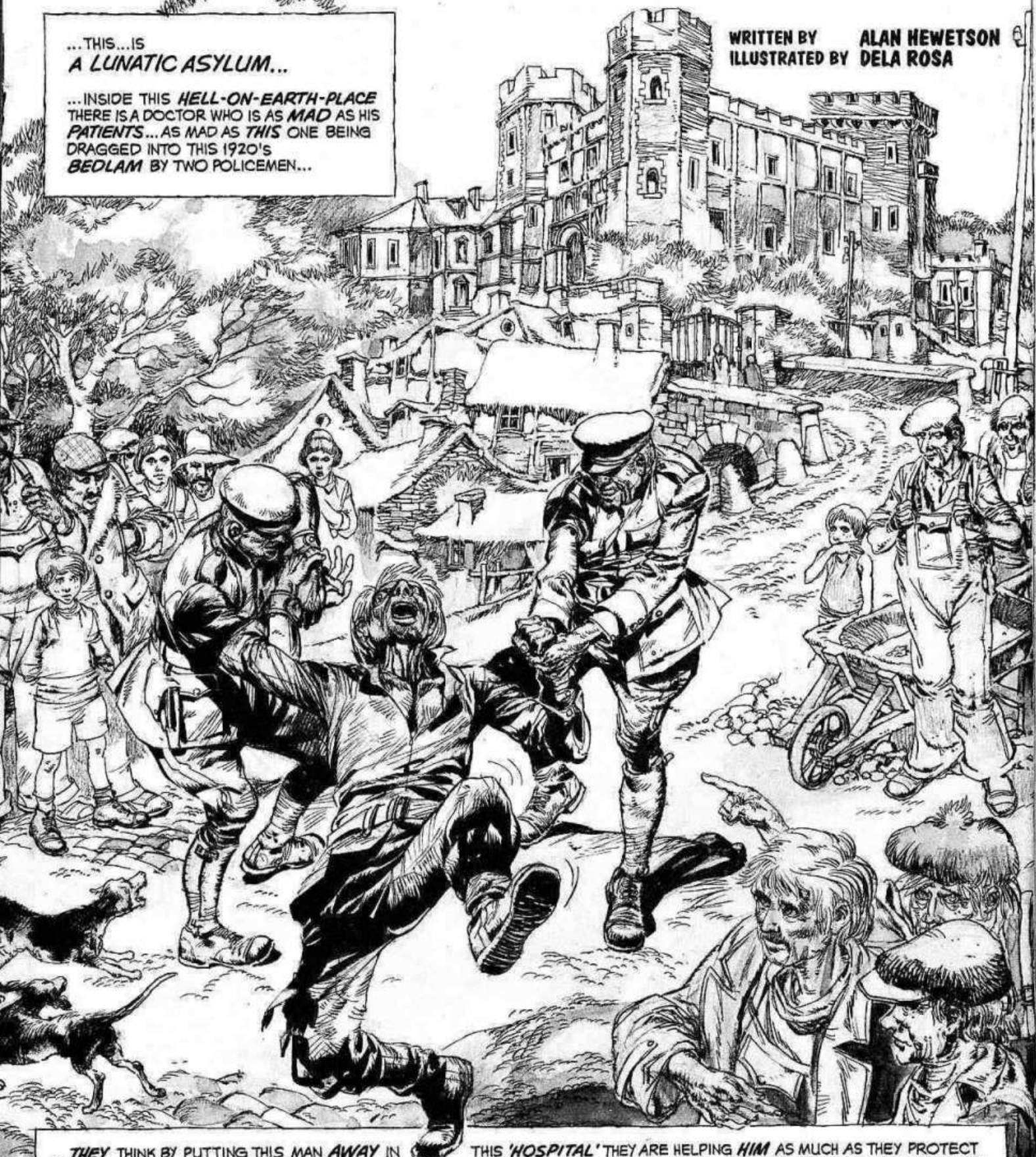
**THE DIARY OF AN
ABSOLUTE LUNATIC!**

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...THIS...IS
A LUNATIC ASYLUM...

...INSIDE THIS **HELL-ON-EARTH-PLACE**
THERE IS A DOCTOR WHO IS AS **MAD** AS HIS
PATIENTS... AS MAD AS **THIS** ONE BEING
DRAGGED INTO THIS 1920'S
BEDLAM BY TWO POLICEMEN...

WRITTEN BY **ALAN HEWETSON**
ILLUSTRATED BY **DELA ROSA**



...THEY THINK BY PUTTING THIS MAN **AWAY** IN THIS '**HOSPITAL**' THEY ARE HELPING **HIM** AS MUCH AS THEY PROTECT
SOCIETY... WHILE THIS **MAY** OR **MAY NOT** BE TRUE **ONE** FACT IS CERTAIN... THIS LUNATIC, THIS MINDLESS DEGENERATE SIMPLY
COULDN'T-CARE-LESS ANYMORE...

...A LEGITIMATE
MANNER WITH
WHICH WE START
OUT TALE:

THE DIARY OF AN ABSOLUTE LUNATIC

DELA
ROSA





MY NAME IS **MUNGO RAWLINS**, AND THO YOU WILL FIND IT HARD TO ACCEPT, I AM NOT OF YOUR TIME, BUT FROM THE YEAR 1999... **THE YEAR THE EARTH WILL DIE!**

... IN 1999 THE **EARTH FOUNDATION** CELEBRATED ITS 15 TH ANNIVERSARY; ALL THE PRESIDENTS OF MOTHER EARTH GATHERED IN THE LONDON WHITE HOUSE TO MAKE SPEECHES AND MARK THE OCCASION WITH A LOT OF HOOP-LA AND HOOP-TEE-DO THAT WAS **INTENDED** TO BE **SYMBOLIC** OF **BROTHERHOOD**...



...IT WOULD APPEAR OUR CELEBRATIONS WILL BE COMPLETE AFTER-ALL LADIES AND GENTLEMEN ...

... PRESIDENT TUCKLE, AS YOU ALL KNOW, WAS NOT ABLE TO ATTEND... HE IS HAVING **PROBLEMS** IN HIS SECTOR, AS WE ALL KNOW...

...HOWEVER, I AM INFORMED HE IS BROADCASTING NOW A LIVE TELEVISION MESSAGE TO COMMEMORATE SECTOR D'S PARTICIPATION IN **EARTH FOUNDATION**...



GREETINGS TO YOU ALL ;
FELLOW SECTOR PRESIDENTS,
DIGNITARIES, AND LADIES AND
GENTLEMEN OF THE EARTH...



MY CONGRATULATIONS
TO ALL SECTORS ON EXCELLENT
ACHIEVEMENT RECORDS FOR
THE 15 YEARS OF AMALGAMATED
EARTH...



NOW... MY
DEMANDS...

I WILL WARN YOU ONLY
ONCE... I WANT **MONEY** AND
SPECIAL PRIVILEGES FOR
SECTOR 'D'... AND IF I
DON'T GET THEM...



I SAY **DEMANDS**, FOR THAT THEY ARE...
YOU HAVE IGNORED MY PLEAS FOR
ASSISTANCE... YOU **KNOW** MY SECTOR IS
THE **POOREST** OF ALL... YET YOU DO
NOTHING TO HELP ME!



I'LL BLAST
MOTHER-EARTH INTO
HELL!

"...THE CELEBRATION WAS IN AN UPROAR...
EVERYONE KNEW THAT TUCKLE WAS **MAD**...
THEY WERE PRIVATELY **HAPPY** WHEN HE
FAILED TO SHOW UP IN PERSON... BUT NOW,
NOW FOR THE MANIAC PRESIDENT TO **USE**
THIS TIME OF **CELEBRATION** FOR **POLITICAL**
PURPOSES WAS **CORRUPT!**..."



THE COUNCIL OF PRESIDENTS
WILL RETIRE FOR A CONFERENCE...

...COME GENTLEMEN... LET'S
END THIS TUCKLE AFFAIR **NOW**...

...**ONCE** AND FOR **ALL**...



...TUCKLE IS
POWERFUL...

...I THINK WE'VE PUT UP
WITH THIS **CREEP** JUST
LONG **ENOUGH...**

... JUST **HOW** POWERFUL?...
HE DOESN'T HAVE **ANYTHING...**

... A FEW LOUSY OUT-DATED
RELICS FROM 1970...

...CAPABLE
OF BLOWING THE
EARTH INTO BITS
... IF HE WANTED
TO...



WELL ... MAYBE... BUT WE CAN'T
GIVE IN TO HIS NONSENSE...

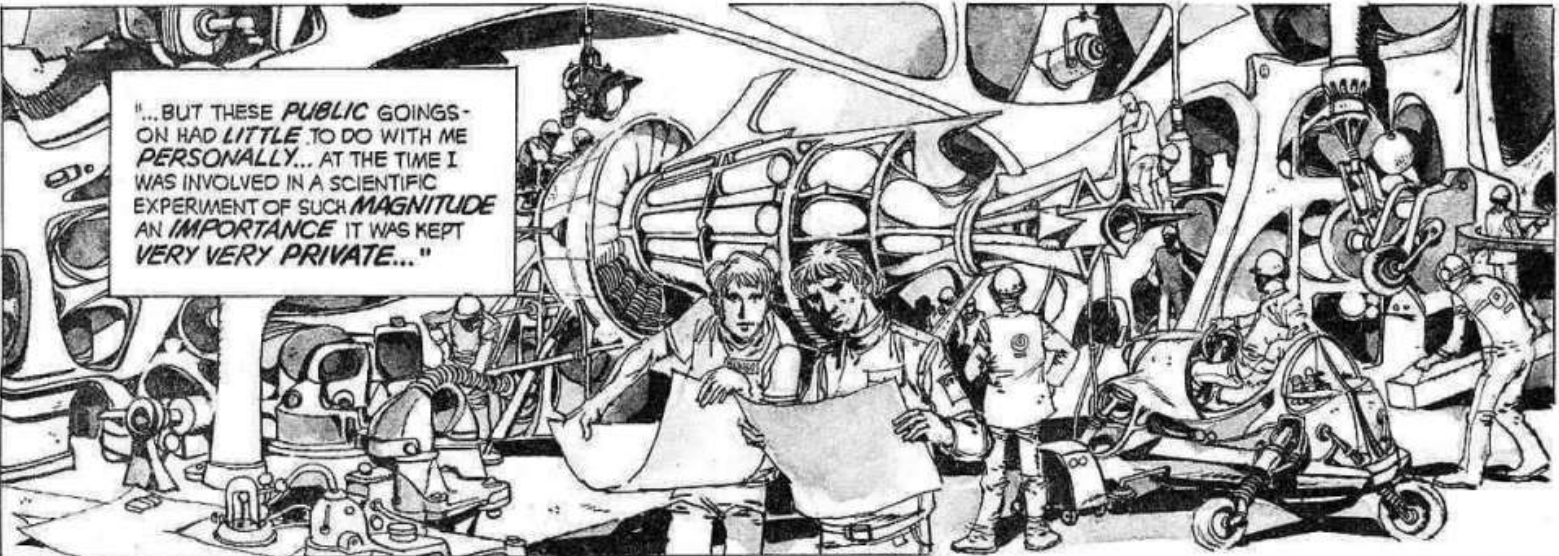
...HIS SECTOR IS JUST AS WELL-OFF
AS THE OTHERS... HE'S POWER-HUNGRY
THAT'S ALL ...

... WE SHOULD **NEVER** HAVE LET HIM
TAKE-OVER THAT YOUNG WATERMAN'S
PRESIDENCY WHEN
HE DIED IN THAT
AUTO ACCIDENT...


...TUCKLE
PROBABLY
MURDERED HIM
ANYWAY...



...THEN IT'S
AGREED...



"...BUT THESE *PUBLIC* GOINGS-ON HAD *LITTLE* TO DO WITH ME *PERSONALLY*... AT THE TIME I WAS INVOLVED IN A SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENT OF SUCH *MAGNITUDE* AN *IMPORTANCE* IT WAS KEPT *VERY VERY PRIVATE*..."



LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, PRESIDENT TUCKLE HAS SEEN TO IT THAT OUR CELEBRATIONS ARE *RUINED*... HE HAS *USED* HIS *POSITION* FOR *POLITICAL ENDS*...


...WE, THE PRESIDENTS OF ALL OTHER SECTORS, ARE UNANIMOUS IN OUR REACTION TO THIS LUNATIC'S DEMANDS, AND WE ARE UNANIMOUS IN OUR *REJECTION* OF THEM...

...WE ARE CALLIN' AN EMERGENCY SESSION OF COUNCIL TO *IMPEACH* THIS POWER-HUNGRY *MANIAC*...

WHAT'S TUCKLE'S PROBLEM ANYWAY?

...HE'S PROBABLY *SENILE*...

...HE REALLY *IS* A POWER-HUNGRY *MANIAC* THO...



...HE'S ONE OF THE OLD ONES... MUST BE ANCIENT... LIVED THRU THE GREAT *HITLER* WAR... WAS ONE OF THE FIRST TO MAKE IT WITH THE ANTI-AGE BREAKTHROUGH...

I *FIGURED* HE WAS OLD...

...OH HO... HE IS *OLD*... HIS MIND IS *GONE*... HE THREATENED THE EARTH... WELL, LET US *PRAY* HE DOESN'T HAVE THE *MEANS* TO *BACK-UP* HIS THREATS...

"...TWO DAYS AFTER TUCKLE'S THREAT, WHILE PUBLIC TELEVISION CONTINUED TO FOCUS CAMERAS AND ATTENTIONS ON THE POLITICAL WAR; PRIVATE CLOSED-CIRCUITS WERE TUNED INTO A DIFFERENT PROGRAM... THE *TIME* PROGRAM... READY TO LAUNCH *ME* INTO SOME *SPECIAL VOID* WHERE I WOULD STAND-STILL AND THE EARTH WOULD ACCELERATE INTO TOMORROW..."

...15 SECONDS TILL IGNITION...

...STAND BY...



"...AS THE RUSH OF
MOTORS JERKED ME
INTO CENTER-SPACE
I WATCHED THE WORLD
SITTING IN ITS BLACK-
ORBIT... BUT SOMETHING
WRETCHED WAS
HAPPENING TO IT..."

...IT'S NOT **POSSIBLE**
... THAT AWFUL LUNATIC
HAS GONE OUT OF HIS
MIND... THE MAN HAS
GONE **MAD**...



...THE **EARTH** IS BEING
RIPPED APART...

...HE'S DEMOLISHED
MOTHER EARTH...

"...AND THEN... THERE WAS *NOTHING*..."



"...AND I SAW THE BIRTH
OF NATURE..."



"...*I FIRST* SAW A BLINDING BLAZE
OF *LIGHT* AS TIME AGAIN BEGAN
AN AWKWARD CIRCLE BACK (OR
FORWARD) TO ITS BEGINNING... I
SAW PLANETS COLLIDE AND CLASH
AND GASES FLOAT ABOUT AND
MIX... AND I SAW THE EARTH
BECOME FROM NOTHINGNESS..."



"...AND CIVILIZATIONS
COME... AND GO..."



MY GOD...

...THE MACHINE
IS **CHUGGING...**
VIOLENTLY...
SHUDDERING...
I MUST... BE GOING TO
CRASH... MOVING
TOWARD THE EARTH AT
A **FANTASTIC SPEED...**

...I'M GOING TO **COLLIDE**
WITH THE **EARTH...**



BRRRAAAOOOM!!!

"...I... SURVIVED THE CRASH INTO YOUR TIME... SINCE THAT TIME I'VE TRIED TO
WARN YOU... TRIED TO TELL EVERY ONE WHAT WILL **HAPPEN...** BUT I'M **IGNORED...**

...I'M... NOT STUPID...

...I'M... NOT **SURPRISED** I'M **IGNORED...** IF I WERE ON YOUR SIDE OF THE
CIRCUMSTANCE I'D THINK ME **MAD TOO...** AND I **AM** GOING MAD... MY
BRAIN IS AWFULLY-AWKWARDLY DETERIORATING..."



"...I LEAVE THIS ONLY
AS A LAST RESORT TO MY
SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY
TO SANITY..."

...IN HEAVEN'S NAME...

...BELIEVE
ME..."





...A WRETCHED BUNCH OF LETTERS AND DEGENERATE ANNOUNCEMENTS...

... before we start into your letters, we can't resist plugging our new magazine out on the newsstands this month... **SCREAM**... did you see it?... did you get it yet?... if you DIDN'T your MISSING SOMETHING... if you DID then you've GOT the HORROR-MAGAZINE of the DECADE (maybe in the WHOLE CENTURY!)...

... thanks to MARINA TURNER for the LONGEST and LOVELIEST NIGHTMARE WORLD we've ever received... here's a short quote from her dream:

"... I looked out the stained-glass window and saw a beautiful carriage made of coffin-purple steel arriving, pulled by two handsome black steeds..."

... this really WAS a NIGHTMARE for Marina who has gotta be the world's greatest HORSE fan, and when a reader is a fan of HORSES and a fan of HORROR naturally she's gotta be a NIGHTMARE fan...

... ANGUS GILBERT Jr., of Boston, writes us that he'd like HELL-RIDER revived as either a character in NIGHTMARE or in his own regular magazine again

... we are thinking of doing SOMETHING with the HELL-RIDER, people, what say YOU? What would you like us to DO with the HELL-RIDER?...

... thanks to ROBERT CURTIS of Nauvoo, Illinois, who wants more murders, to MARK BULLOCH of Scarborough, Ontario, who thinks we are running CIRCLES around our competition... to JOSE INUNEZ of Palo Alto, California, who presents us with some GREAT story titles like: 'I WAS BURIED ALIVE WITH THE DEAD', 'MY BODY DIED, BUT MY BRAIN LIVED FOREVER', 'THE GRAVEYARD I COULD NEVER LEAVE', 'THE MAN WHO CRAWLED OUT OF HELL' and 'THE KEEPER OF DEVILS SOULS' which we're passing along to the MOOD-TEAM as ideas...



... DOUG GROVES of Richmond, California, writes that he's been reading the SKYWALD Mags since issue #4... and hopes to be reading them when they reach #104...

... STEVEN FURNESS wants us to present some CLASSIC tales of literature adapted to the HORROR-MOOD format... this is exactly what we're going to do in a special issue coming up soon tentatively entitled: CLASSIC TALES OF THE MACABRE...

COMICS OPINION

in the letters pages of NIGHTMARE #12 we began a NEW-FEATURE we called

COMICS OPINION

the response to this new readers feature has been good and delightfully enlightening... this issue we review what two readers said about the last editorial

opinion by JIM MAHAN of East Walpole, Mass...

I would like to debate the statement made by DERECK CONRAD in COMICS OPINION

Mr. Conrad condemns the colored comics medium for what

IS, a childish medium... I agree with him on this point, colored comics lack for the most part a new and fresh and adult approach

However, there have been many fresh and innovative series in the past 10 years... may I suggest to you:

'WAR OF THE WORLDS' BERNI WRIGHTSON'S 'SWAMP THING', MIKE KALUTA'S fantasy and horror stories, MIKE PLOOG'S 'FRANKENSTEIN' and many new artists such as Frank Brunner and Al Weiss to name but a few

I agree with him about the black and white mags they are more free and they are full of spirit... but why, I ask, must horror be the only black and white magazines of any QUALITY?

I quite enjoyed SKYWALD'S 'HELL RIDER' as well as Kirby's efforts is anybody listening...?

as a publisher, yes, we're listening... check out the inside back cover of this issue for our announcement of forthcoming titles, catch the current just-released new SKYWALD title

SCREAM, and count on NEW NON-HORROR black and white titles from SKYWALD in the near future... if SKYWALD'S HORROR-MOOD titles grab you, wait'll you get a look at the SKYWALD HUMOR-MOOD title soon-to-come-your-way...

now to comment on your comments... yes... we feel that there ARE a few WONDERFUL colored comics produced

these days, and the titles you mentioned are coincidentally the same titles we buy and enjoy ourselves... but... like

Dereck Conrad, it is our editorial opinion that (maybe) 6 or 7 titles out of a COUPLE OF HUNDRED is a LOUSY PERCENTAGE

colored comics are primarily ENTERTAINMENT... and 95% of them just BORE us to DEATH

opinion by JACK MONNINGER of Indianapolis, Indiana...

... the black and white horror magazines are growing in different styles, titles and importance more and more every year

the black and white media is much more of a young art, an art which must be binned strong lest it die...

SKYWALD is a good example of a progressive and responsible publishing house... most other houses play the charge-em-more routine or reprint old material of the past to save them money

If they DO give you more pages and say LOOK, WE HAVE MORE PAGES THAN ANY OTHER PUBLICATION IN THE FIELD; just think about the average 14 to 20 pages of unimportant ads which dominate each issue SKYWALD, at 66 pages for only 75¢ with only a very few pages of ads has the right to say they have more pages of art than any other company. In fact, SKYWALD has the right to say they are: 'THE RULERS OF THE COMIC FIELD'

that's the true-to-earth FACT...

that's a nice sentiment SKYWALD isn't number 2 but we try harder anyway...

in the next issue we will present another comics opinion from YOU... the reader write us today: COMICS OPINION, the archaic editor SKYWALD PUBLISHING CORPORATION, 18 East 41st Street New York City, N.Y. 10017 and don't forget to include your photograph for us to print along with your opinions...

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... DAVID LEVENSON of Bethpage, N.Y., writes ... "not too much sword and sorcery ... it does not belong in a horror-mood publication ... no-body comes close to the standards of your **SCREAM** **SCREEN** movie reviews ..."

incarnation, but I have lived at least 3 OTHER lives and have many, many wives . . . I would love to add VANESSA to my eternally-living loves; in the interim, I will seek the esoteric potion that will restore her to the manner in which she appeared PRIOR to Harmhab's treachery . . ."

... "A FREE SAMPLE OF FEAR
... the following rhyming story
is a detailed configuration of an
actual dream I experienced an
August night in 1971 ..."

... each rolling wave of horror
would chill me more and more



The Great Horror-Mood Crossword Puzzle

the answers



A black and white photograph of a man with a beard and dark hair, wearing a light-colored V-neck sweater. He is seated at a desk, looking towards the camera while his hands are positioned over papers. The desk is cluttered with various papers, some of which appear to be sketches or drafts. In the background, a window shows a view of a city street with buildings. The overall tone of the image is somber and contemplative.

... Rancid Ricardo, despite his nickname, is one of the NICEST guys we know and a genuine GENTLEMAN ... every time he comes into the office he bows deeply to everyone ... the only trouble is, we aren't sure if he's being POLITE or if it has something to do with the HUNGER PAINS he has 'cause we pay the guy so little MONEY ...

... we bid warm welcome to Rancid RICARDO VILLAMONTE ...

... and the sounds of unknown terrors would saturate the room

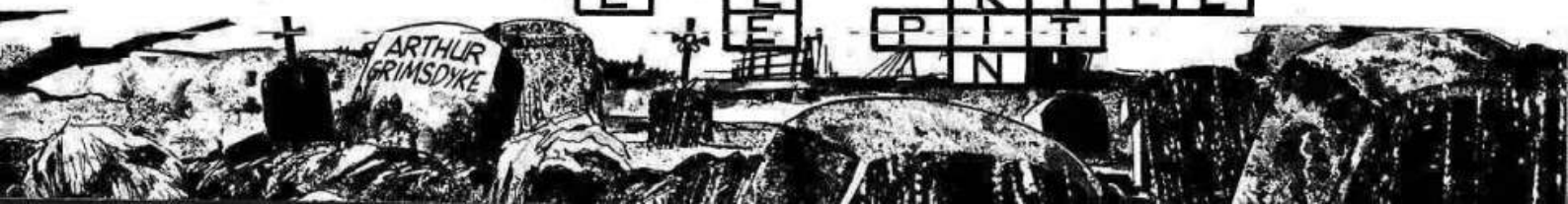
... like the moans and groans
of souls departed crying from
the tomb ...

... no longer could I stand it;
DEAR GOD PLEASE BREAK
THIS BIND

. . . for hell will try to take my
soul by torturing my MIND . . .

. . . tha . . . tha . . . that's all
folks . . .

R.I.P. -ARCHAIC AI-



THE PLASTIC PLAGUE!

IT WAS 2114 AD BY THE "OLD COUNT" OF TIME. THE TRIBE OF SELDUN STILL KEPT THE OLD COUNT. THEY ALSO KEPT FAITH IN THE **OLD WAYS**... REMEMBERING THE **LOST ARTS OF BUILDING, READING, AND MATHEMATICS**. BECAUSE THEY DARED KEEP **INTELLECT ALIVE**, AND **SHUNNED MAGICAL THOUGHT** AND DID NOT BELIEVE IN **WITCH-DOCTORS**, THEY WERE **PERSECUTED** BY THE SURROUNDING DEGENERATED TRIBES. BUT **AUGUST 1ST, 2114 AD**, THEIR FAITH WAS REWARDED. A CHEST OF **ANCIENT BOOKS** WAS DISCOVERED-- PRECIOUS NEEDED TECHNICAL WORKS AND A HAND-WRITTEN JOURNAL! HERB WELLS, THE ELECTED LEADER, OPENED THE JOURNAL AND STUMBLINGLY BEGAN TO READ...



"ON JUNE 5, 2034,
I WRITE THIS
LETTER TO THE
FUTURE--"

"TO THE
SURVIVING
SPAWN OF THE
PLASTIC AGE
OF MAN--"

MY NAME IS
NEAL DENNIS, AND
I AM GOVERNOR OF
ECOLOGY FOR THE
WESTERN
HEMISPHERE...

"ALL MY
DECISIONS
FAVORED THE
INTERESTS OF
THE **GLOBAL
INDUSTRIALISTS**
WHO REWARDED
ME WITH
POWER!"

"POWER TO FULFILL
THEIR WISHES...
THE ONLY THING
ECOLOGICAL TO MY
GOVERNORSHIP WAS
THE TITLE. I WAS
BUT AN OFFICE-
SEEKING PAWN."

IN HONESTY,
I'M BUT A FAIR TALENT--
I RECEIVED MY POSITION
BY SUPPORTING THE
RIGHT POLITICAL
CANDIDATES."

"SUPPORTING
THE **FEUDAL-
TECHNOCRATIC
PARTY.**"



"I SANCTIONED THE MOST BOGGLED BLUNDER MAN HAD EVER MISUSED HIS TECHNOLOGY UPON..."

THE PLASTIFICATION OF EARTH!

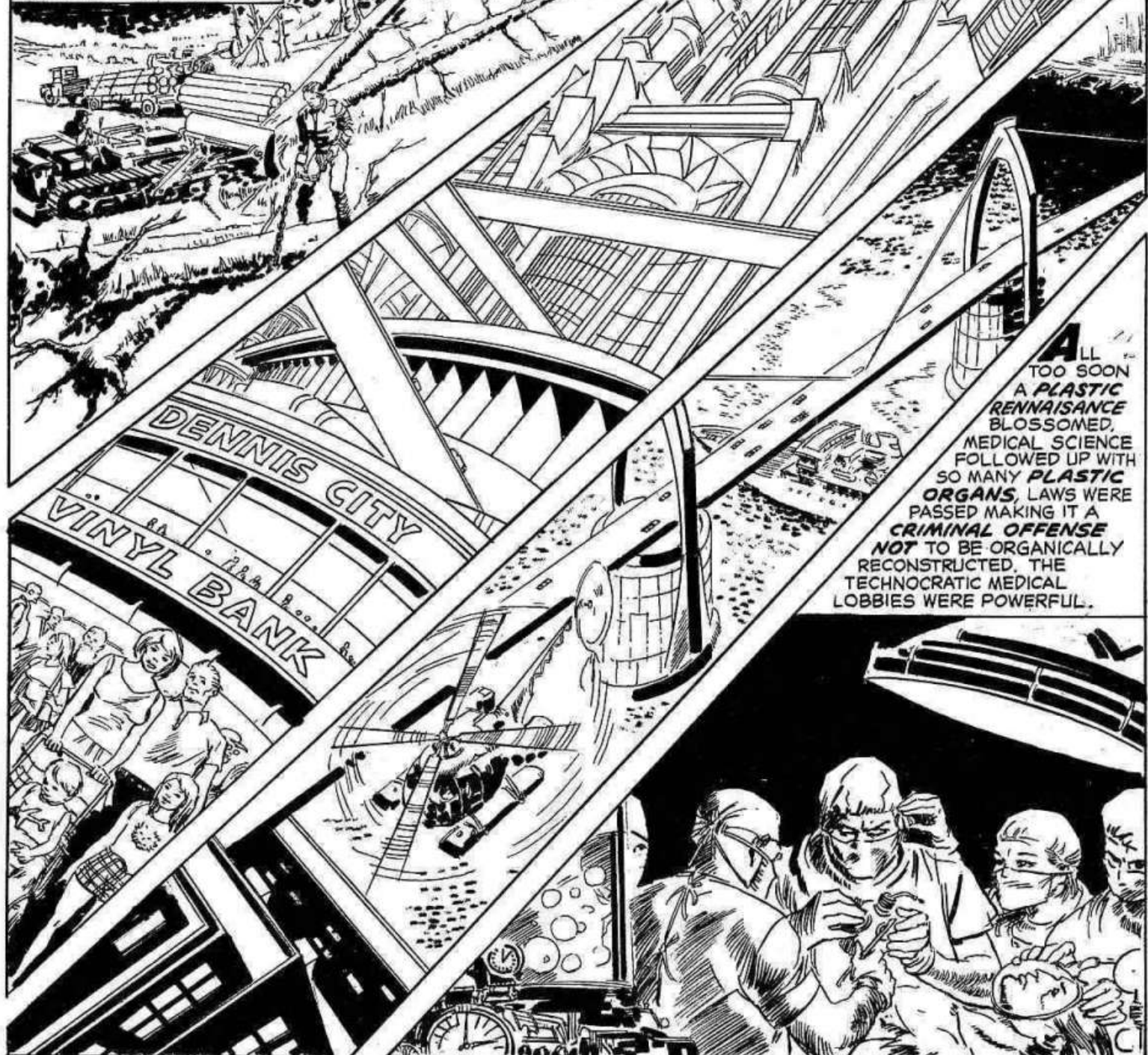
"I ORDERED THE DEVELOPMENT OF NEW PLASTICS FROM THE PUPPET GOVERNMENTS WHICH MY POLITICAL PARTY CONTROLLED."



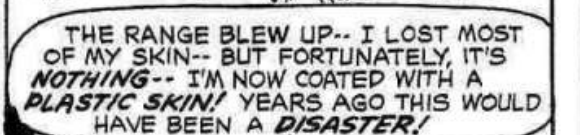
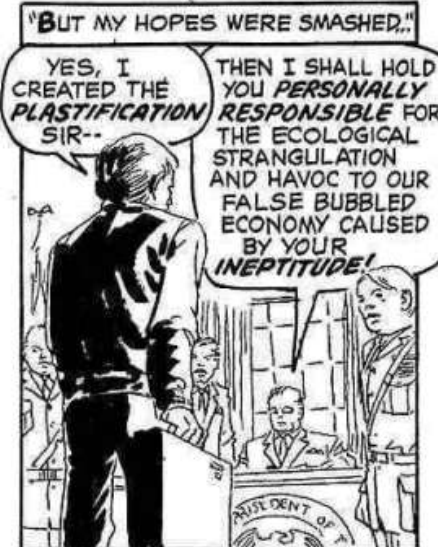
"PROUDLY I HELD THE PRODUCT OF OTHER MEN'S LABOR--THE **FIRST INDESTRUCTIBLE PLASTIC!**"

"I'LL BE MADE **VICE-CHAIRMAN** OF THE **FEUDAL-TECHNOCRATIC PARTY** FOR THIS!"

"SO BEGAN THE **PLASTIFICATION**. THE LAST PATCHES OF NATURE WERE CLEARED TO MAKE FOR **PLASTIC CITIES** SERVICED BY **PLASTIC MACHINES...**"



ALL TOO SOON A **PLASTIC RENNAISSANCE** BLOSSOMED. MEDICAL SCIENCE FOLLOWED UP WITH SO MANY **PLASTIC ORGANS**, LAWS WERE PASSED MAKING IT A **CRIMINAL OFFENSE NOT TO BE ORGANICALLY RECONSTRUCTED**. THE **TECHNOCRATIC MEDICAL LOBBIES** WERE POWERFUL.



"SO BEGAN SLEEPLESS WEEKS OF FUTAL TESTING..."

WE *MUSTN'T* GIVE UP HOPE--



NOW-- IF THE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE OF THIS PLASTIC IS SO DENSE AS TO MAKE IT IMPREGNABLE-- THEN WE MUST GET SOMETHING--

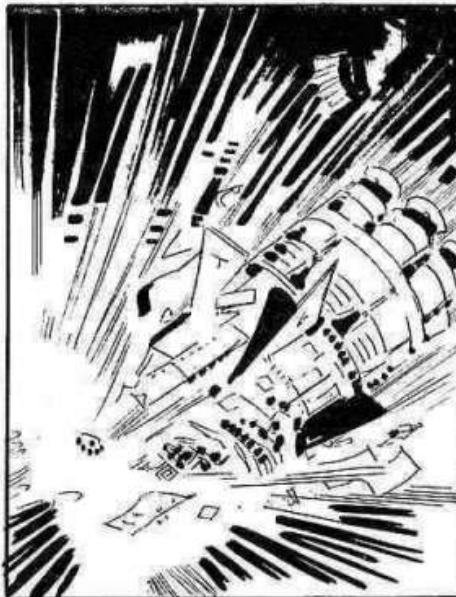


TO ATTACK THE VERY MOLECULAR FORMATION-- IT WILL BE FISSIONABLE-- AND HIGHLY DANGEROUS--

BUT NOTHING ELSE WILL DO--



"SO UNDER HIGHLY CONTROLLED CIRCUMSTANCES, A NUMBER OF ELEMENTS AND SOME PLASTACS UNDERWENT ATOMIC FISSION EXPOSURE..."



WHEW! MIKE, THIS ROCKET WAS MADE OF PLASTIC! HMM... THERE ARE SOME SPORES HERE WHICH ARE ALIVE...

LUCKY FIND, EH, NEAL-- IN THIS RADIATION!



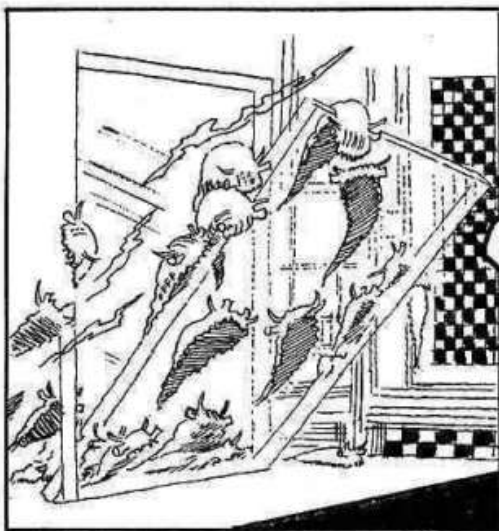
I'M CURIOUS ABOUT THESE SPORES... LET'S MUTATE THEM A BIT--



MY FIRST SUCCESS! THE ANTI-MATTER ELECTRICAL RAYS DID THE JOB!

FEAST, LITTLE LEECH-FUNGII! THERE'S MORE WHERE THAT CAME FROM!





"MIKE WAS TOO RIGHT! THE MORE THE **SPORE-CREATURES** DEVoured, THE MORE THEY **GREW!**"



THE WHOLE PLASTIC WORLD IS THEIR SMORGASBOARD, MR. PRESIDENT!



NEAL-- I THINK **INTENSE HEAT** MIGHT DO THE TRICK! --



"SO WE APPLIED INTENSE HEAT TO TWO OF THE **MUTANT SLUGS...**"



IT'S **WORKING**, NEAL!

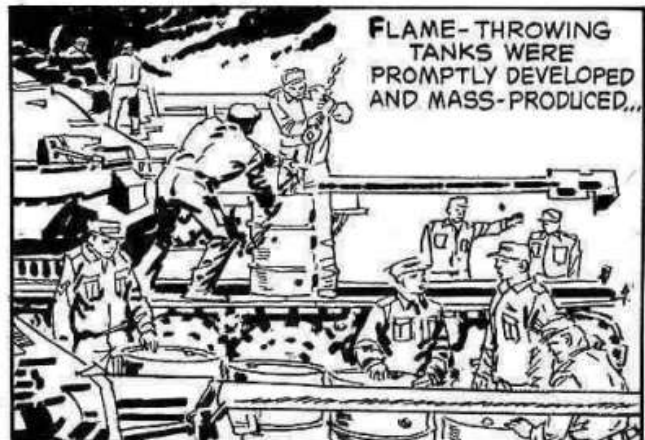
BUT AT **WHAT PRICE?**



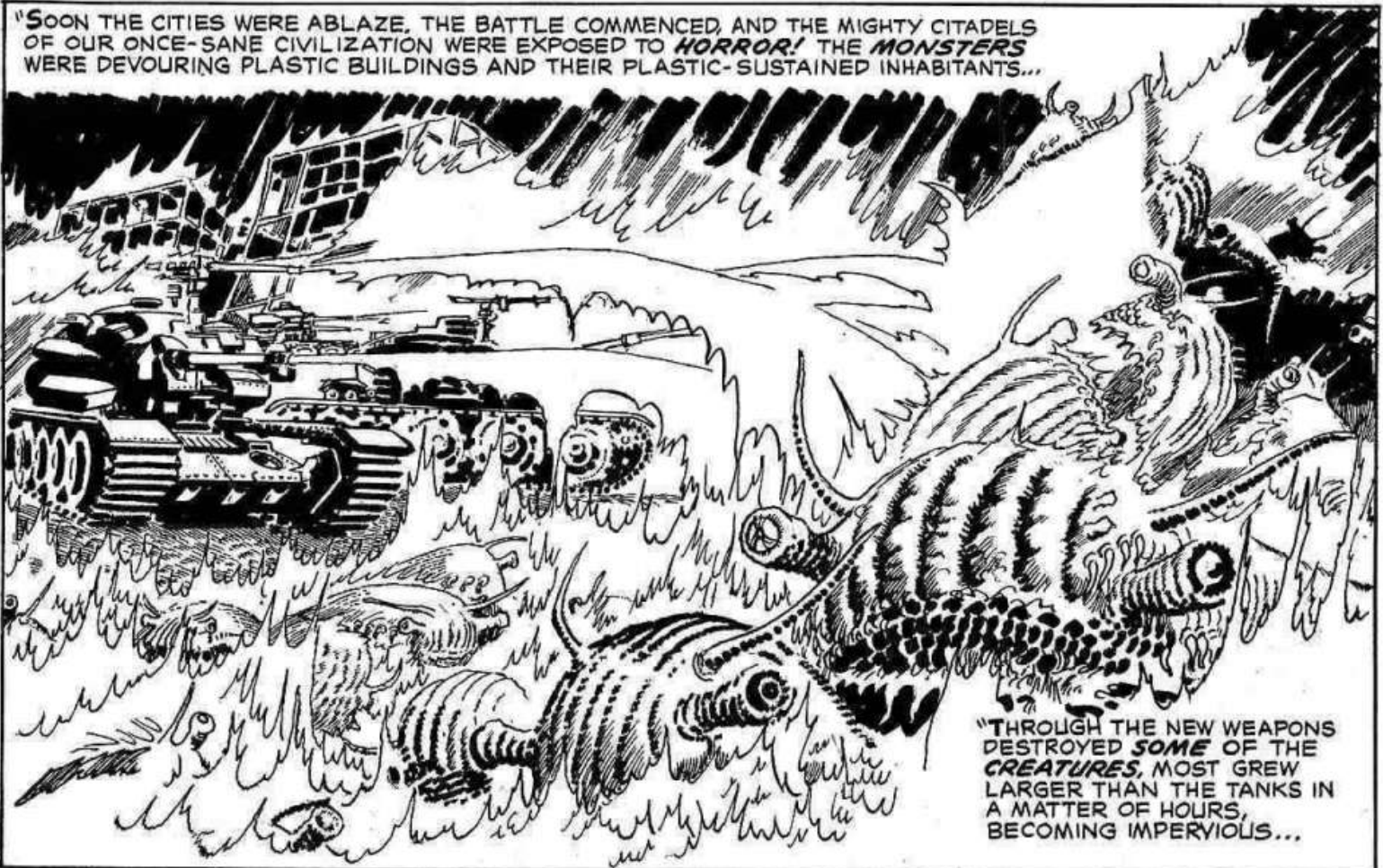
VERY GOOD WORK, DENNIS. ALL INDUSTRY WILL BE AT YOUR DISPOSAL.



FLAME-THROWING TANKS WERE PROMPTLY DEVELOPED AND MASS-PRODUCED...

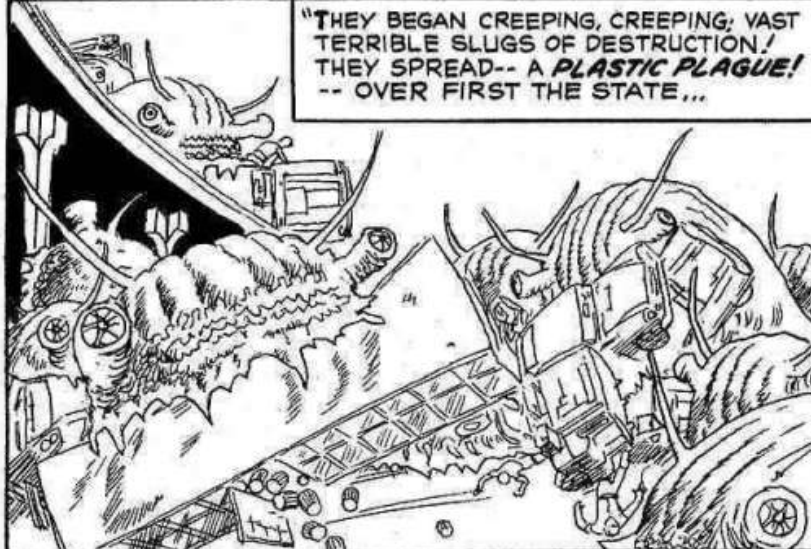


"SOON THE CITIES WERE ABLAZE, THE BATTLE COMMENCED, AND THE MIGHTY CITADELS OF OUR ONCE-SANE CIVILIZATION WERE EXPOSED TO **HORROR!** THE **MONSTERS** WERE DEVOURING PLASTIC BUILDINGS AND THEIR PLASTIC-SUSTAINED INHABITANTS..."



"THROUGH THE NEW WEAPONS DESTROYED **SOME** OF THE **CREATURES**, MOST GREW LARGER THAN THE TANKS IN A MATTER OF HOURS, BECOMING IMPERVIOUS..."

"THEY BEGAN CREEPING, CREEPING; VAST
TERRIBLE SLUGS OF DESTRUCTION!
THEY SPREAD-- A **PLASTIC PLAGUE!**
-- OVER FIRST THE STATE...



"THEN OVER THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE...
THEY MULTIPLIED AND GREW SO RAPIDLY,
THAT IN THE MATTER OF A WEEK, THEY
HAD COVERED THE ENTIRE **WESTERN**
HEMISPHERE!"



"IN A LAST-DITCH
ATTEMPT, THE
LARGEST CITIES
WERE FIRE-BOMBED,
BUT IT WAS
HYSTERICAL,
FUTILE. THE
PLASTIC PLAGUE
SURGED ONWARD..."



"I THOUGHT BY NOW MY FAMILY WOULD BE
DEAD-- MY WIFE, WITH HER LOVELY, SMOOTH,
PLASTIC SKIN--"



W... WE'RE
DOOMED--
AND I
CAN'T
REACH
NEAL--

GOD, HOW
IRONIC! TO BE
DESTROYED BY
A CREATION OF
MY OWN HUSBAND!

"I PRAY THEY DIED QUICKLY..."



W... WE SOB--
MUST BE
BRAVE!

"I INTERRUPT
MY NARRATIVE
HERE-- MIKE
JUST TAPPED
MY SHOULDER--"



CONFIRMATION ON
YOUR FAMILY--YOUR
HOUSE WAS IN THE
PATH--



OUR
RESCUE
COPTOR
COULDN'T
ARRIVE
IN TIME.

SORRY.



SAFE WITHIN OUR
STEEL-COATED WOMB
WE CAN SIT AND WATCH
VIA TELEVISION THE
DESTRUCTION I
BROUGHT
ABOUT!

KEEP YOUR
WITS ABOUT
YOU, RYAN.



THERE'S
NO **HOPE**
WITH
MADNESS--

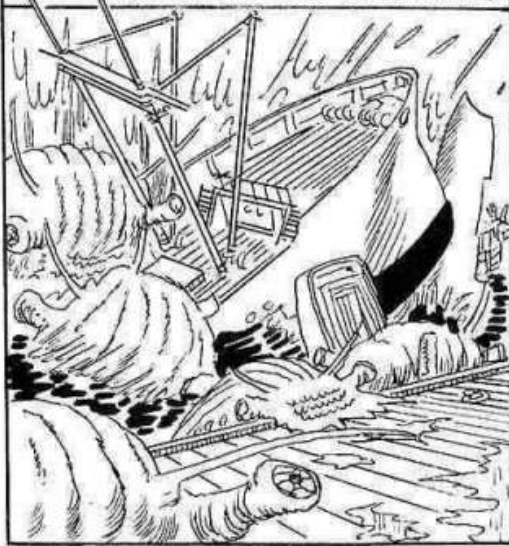
"SO YOU SEE, SURVIVING CHILDREN OF THE FUTURE-- THIS IS HOW YOUR WORLD CAME TO BE. THE PLASTIC PLAGUE CREPT A PLASTICIZED EUROPE--"



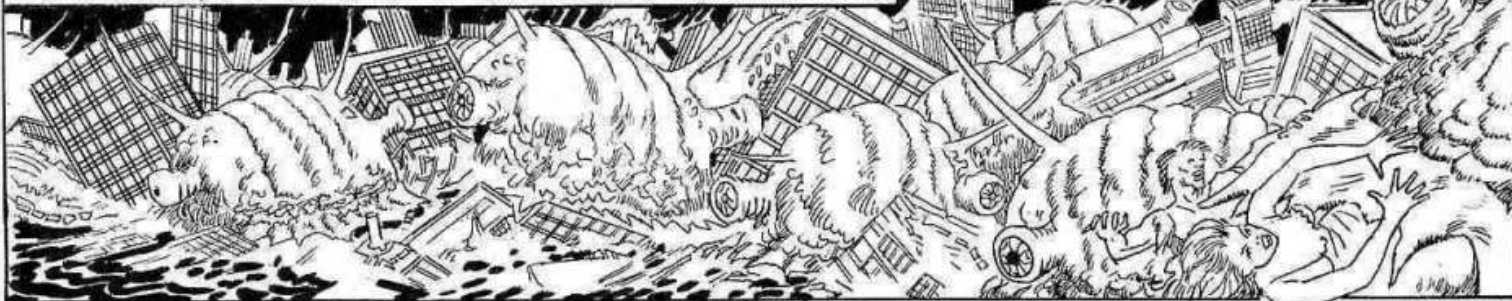
"THEN TO ASIA... DESTROYING, DEVOURING... SPARING ONLY THE LUCKY FEW WHO HAD NO PLASTIC IN THEM..."



"ELIMINATING ALL PLASTIC MODES OF TRANSPORTATION... ISOLATING THE CONTINENTS ONCE MORE!"



"DECIMATING CIVILIZATION... HURLING THE SURVIVING PEOPLES OF EARTH INTO THE SHAMBLES OF IGNORANCE, DESPAIR, AND DARK AGES OF **BARBARISM!**"



"YES, SPAWN OF THE **PLASTIC AGE OF MAN**, I AM THE CULPRIT-- I, BY MY **COWARDICE** AND **MISJUDGEMENT**. AVOID **SAVAGERY** AND **PRIMITIVE GREED**; THEY ARE THE **MADNESS** FROM WHICH SPRINGS **NO HOPE...** I **BESEECH** YOU WITH THIS LEGACY."



NOW I MUST CLOSE.



I LEAVE TO THE CHILDREN THE KNOWLEDGE AND SKILLS OF OUR TECHNOLOGY-- TO SAVE THEM THOUSANDS OF YEARS OF BLINDNESS, MISERY, STUMBLING--

SO THEY CAN SKIP EONS OF AWKWARD SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT-- OF KINGS, DESPOTS, TYRANTS-- **FOOLS!**



--AND THE HOPE THAT THEY WILL START OVER WITH FRESH THOUGHTS... TOWARDS THE **TRUE** BETTERMENT AND CONSIDERATION OF EACH OTHER!



FOG SLITHERS DOWN THE LONELY MIDNIGHT STREET AND A WOMAN IS ON HER WAY HOME...



NASTY NIGHT... COLD, WET...
NASTY!

IT'S COMING NEARER...
IT'S A **MAN!**



KLAT
KLAT

SOON THE COBBLES ARE COMPLETELY BLANKETED IN DENSELY GREY WHITENESS AND THE WOMAN STALKS...



THAT TAPPING...
THAT STEADY
TAPPING BEHIND
ME... THE ECHOES
OF **MY** FOOTSTEPS...
OR SOMEONE
ELSE'S...

HYSTERIA PUMPING LEGS
FASTER, THE TAPPING
BEHIND GROWING...



IT'S **NOT** THE
ECHOES OF MY
FOOTSTEPS-- IT **IS**
SOMEONE BEHIND
ME! FOLLOWING
ME!

SHE BEGAN TO RUN FASTER...
THE STEPS BEHIND ALSO
RUNNING, BUT HOLDING
BACK, AS IF **PROLONGING**
THE PURSUIT...

MY GOD, HE'S
ACTUALLY CHASING
ME! CAN'T **RUN**
WELL IN THIS
DRESS-- HE'LL
CATCH ME!



KLAT
KLAT KLAT



IN THE DESERTED STREETS
SHE CONTINUES TO RUN...
TRIPPING, SLIPPING...
STUMBLING...

I'M BLEEDING!
MY KNEES
SKINNED **BLOODY!**
NO ONE TO
HELP!

I--I CAN'T
...SCREAM...
OH GOD, HELP
ME! **HELP ME!**

KLAT
KLAT

KLAT KLAT
KLAT

STILL RUNNING...BUT RIGHT
BEHIND HER THE RELENTLESS
TREAD OF PURSUING
HEELS...

DEAR GOD--
VISHNU--WHAT
HAVE I DONE TO
DESERVE
THIS? **SAVE
ME! SAVE
ME!**

RUNNING SOME MORE,
TRAILING STREAMERS
OF FOG. FOOTSTEPS
STILL BEHIND...GET-
TING CLOSER...

OH MY
GOD--MY
VISHNU--
MY **LORD--**
GRANT ME
DELIVERANCE!

SHE GLANCES BEHIND
A SECOND OR SO BUT
CONTINUES TO RUN...

GOD, I'M **TIRED!**
I FEEL SO FAINT...
WHY DOESN'T HE
LEAVE ME ALONE?

NOW RUNNING TOWARD A
BLACKER STREET, SHE
RUNS STRAIGHT INTO A...

DEAD-END?
DEAR GOD, NOT
A **DEAD-END!** LET
THERE BE A
DOORWAY
SOMEWHERE!

COMPLETELY EXHAUSTED SHE FALLS DOWN AND...CONFRONTS HER PURSUER...

THE DARK TALL FIGURE CHUCKLING WITH FOUL AMUSEMENT WITHDRAWS A GLEAMING, WICKED KNIFE...

THEN ABRUPTLY, WITH A DEFT MOTION, THE KNIFE BRUTALLY *PLUNGED* FOR THE CENTER OF HER BODY...

WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT--?

YOUR HAND!

EEEAAGOD NO! NO!

THE FOG WRITHES AND SWIRLS IN A MAELSTROM OF CONFUSED, HACKING, STABBING, SLASHING, PLUNGING...AS A LEFT HAND IS RIPPED FROM ITS DEAD BODY...

WRITTEN BY DOUG MOENCH
ILLUSTRATED BY VILLAMONTE

DEATH of the 80th Victim!

JAMES RESTON, INSPECTOR, SCOTLAND YARD AND RAHIB, HIS ASSISTANT ARE LOOKING AT THE 77TH BLOODY CORPSE...WITH NO CLUES...

SAME AS ALL THE OTHERS. ALL EAST INDIANS WITH THE **LEFT HAND MISSING!**

AND ALL UNSOLVED, INSPECTOR. HOW LONG DO WE HAVE TO WAIT TO **ESCALATE** OUR INVESTIGATIONS?

NOW SEE HERE, RAHIB. I ADVISE YOU TO REMEMBER YOU ARE MY **SUBORDINATE!** ANY GRIEVANCES HAVE TO BE REPORTED TO THE COMMISSIONER!

I UNDERSTAND, RAHIB. LET'S GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS FOR THE LAB REPORTS.

YES, SIR. BUT YOU MUST CONSIDER MY EMOTIONS. THESE ARE **MY** PEOPLE BEING SLAUGHTERED! WE MUST APPREHEND THIS **FIENDISH BUTCHER!**

IF YOU INSIST. BUT SOMEHOW I KNOW THEY REPORT... NO SUBSTANTIAL CLUES...

LATER IN ANOTHER PART OF TOWN AN UNSUSPECTING WOMAN IS HURRYING HOME...SHE IS AN **EAST INDIAN**... SHE HEARS FOOTSTEPS...

KLAT
KLAT
KLAT

PANIC TAKES HOLD OF HER AND SHE BREAKS INTO A FRANTIC RUN...

TAPPING FOOTSTEPS RECEDE AND DIMINISH BENEATH THE THUNDERING BEAT OF THE WOMAN'S HEART. SHE BOLTS INTO THE BUILDING WHICH HOUSES HER SMALL FLAT...

KLAT
KLAT
KLAT

KLAT
KLAT

JUST A FEW MORE STEPS,
JUST A FEW MORE!

THE WOMAN SCRAMBLES
INSIDE HER FLAT, SLAMS
THE DOOR SHUT BEHIND
HER, AND HASTILY
SECURES THE
LATCHES...

THANK THE
LORD VISHNU
FOR HIS
PROTECTION...

SHE MOVES AWAY
FROM THE MANY-
LOCKED DOOR
AND ADVANCES
INTO HER HOME,
TOWARD THE
WAITING OIL
LAMP...YES, SHE
IS SAFE...

I FEEL
MUCH BETTER
NOW...

...UNTIL SHE HEARS A COUGH WHICH
BARKS FROM THE DARKNESS
WITHIN HER HOME...

KAFF!

N-NO!!
NO!...WH-WHAT
DO YOU
WANT?

...TAKE
YOUR
HAND...

AAH/EEEEEE

THE MAN TAKES HIS LEAVE...AND
THE SEVERED LEFT HAND OF THE
78TH VICTIM...

YOU HAVE
NOTHING TO
FEAR. I JUST
WANT TO...

SLASH!

AFTER A STRENUOUS NIGHT,
RAHIB CONCLUDES HIS AIM-
LESS SEARCH AND RETURNS
TO HIS HOME...

...RETURN TO HIS HOME,
AND TO HIS **WIFE**...

SORROW AND PAIN
SEAR HIS SOUL
WITH LIQUID FIRE...



SAREEJA...
NO, GOD, NO!!
SAREEJA...
NOOO!!



THE
KILLER MUST
NOT BE
ALLOWED **ONE**
MORE ATROCITY...
...GLAD I'M
HOME...I FEEL
EXHAUSTED
TONIGHT...



WITH TEARS STREAK-
ING DOWN HIS CHEEKS
RAHIB IS FILLED
WITH RAGE AND
SMOLDERING DETER-
MINATION...TEETH
CLENCHED...

Richard's
Villamonte

RAHIB BURSTS INTO RALSTON'S FLAT...

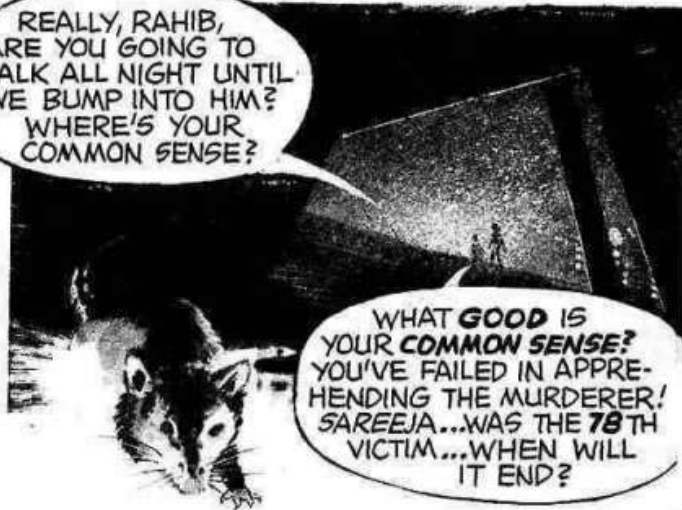
GET YOUR CLOAK, RALSTON...
MY WIFE--SAREEJA--IS **DEAD!**
COME ON, WE MUST FIND
THE KILLER **NOW!**



NOW! NOW SHALL THE
FIEND FEEL MY WRATH!
NO LONGER SHALL I ALLOW
THE INSPECTOR TO KEEP
NORMAL HOURS WHILE
THIS MURDERER STALKS
THE NIGHT STREETS!

RAHIB CALMED DOWN SOMEWHAT AFTER
AN HOUR OR SO WALKING AROUND WITH
INSPECTOR RALSTON...

REALLY, RAHIB,
ARE YOU GOING TO
WALK ALL NIGHT UNTIL
WE BUMP INTO HIM?
WHERE'S YOUR
COMMON SENSE?



WHAT **GOOD** IS
YOUR **COMMON SENSE**?
YOU'VE FAILED IN APPRE-
HENDING THE MURDERER!
SAREEJA...WAS THE **78TH**
VICTIM...WHEN WILL
IT END?

RAHIB WAS GETTING TOO IRRITABLE FOR THE INSPECTOR...

WAKE YOURSELF UP, RAHIB. THE MURDERER COULD BE **ANY-ONE**. HE MIGHT BE AN EAST INDIAN **HIMSELF**. AFTER ALL HE KNOWS WHERE TO FIND INDIANS...

NO! NO INDIAN COULD EVER COMMIT SUCH HEINOUS ATROCITIES!

I **DESPISE** ALL YOU INDIANS. I HAD ACCESS TO ALL THE RESIDENCE FILES. I COULD PICK OUT ALL THE INDIANS WITH ACCURACY...

...AND WHO WOULD SUSPECT AN EMINENT MEMBER OF THE VAUNTED SCOTLAND YARD? IRONIC THAT **YOU** WOULD BE ASSIGNED TO MY CHARGE...

RALSTON SHOWS HIS ANGER, RAHIB SLIGHTLY SHOCKED AND COMPREHENSION DAWNING...

OH NO? NO ONE **BUT** A FILTHY INDIAN **WOULD** COMMIT SUCH AN ATROCITY...

DO...DO YOU REALIZE... WHAT YOU'VE JUST **SAID?**

YOU... YOU'RE THE MURDERER !!

WHAT'S THE MATTER, RAHIB? DON'T YOU **LIKE** BEING TRAPPED IN A DARK ALLEY?

YOU SEE THIS **HAND**, RAHIB? IT'S... NOT HAND--IT'S PROSTHETIC--**FALSE!** MY FATHER WAS STATIONED IN INDIA DURING THE WAR... I WAS KIDNAPPED... JUST A BOY... AND TORTURED BY THE INDIANS... THEY CUT MY **LEFT HAND**, RAHIB!

YES, IT'S IRONIC YOU SHOULD HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED TO ME... I ALWAYS **KNEW** YOU'D BE ONE OF MY VICTIMS--MY **79TH!!**

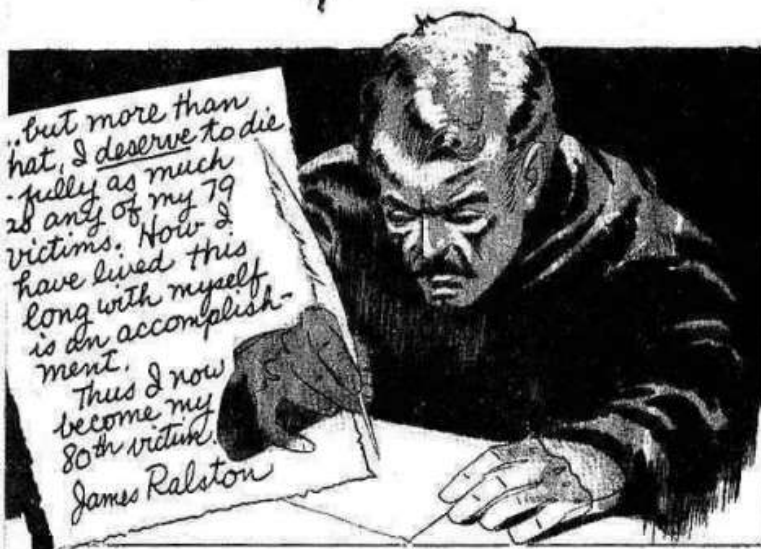
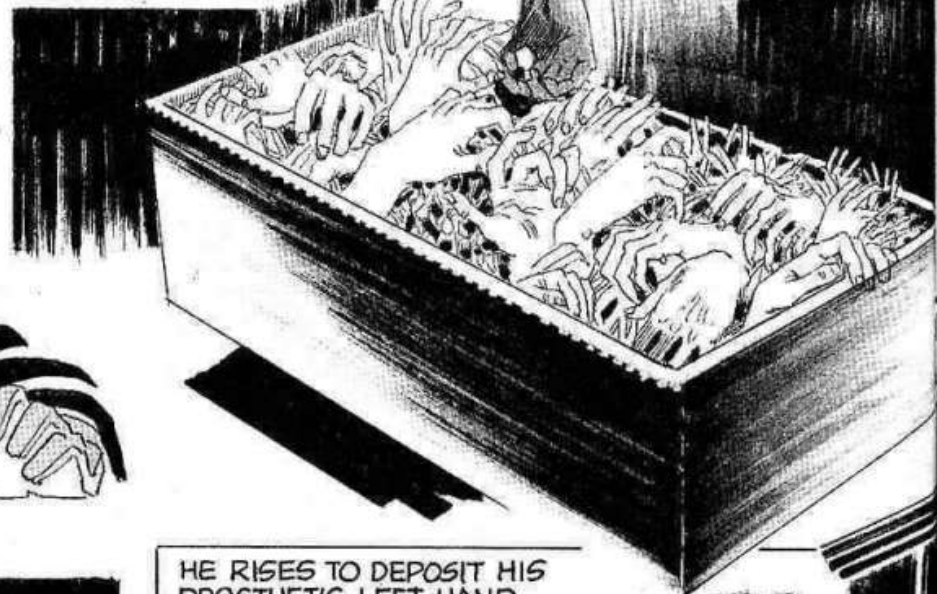
AAAAHHH!

RALSTON TAKES RAHIB'S HAND AND ENTERS HIS FLAT...



I NOW KNOW WHO MY NEXT AND **80TH** VICTIM WOULD BE AND IT SADDENS ME...

MURDERS WILL SURELY BE TRACED TO **ME**, AND I MUST PREVENT DISGRACE AND INCARCERATION...



...but more than that, I deserve to die fully as much as any of my 79 victims. Now I have lived this long with myself is an accomplishment. Thus I now become my 80th victim.
James Ralston

HE RISES TO DEPOSIT HIS PROSTHETIC LEFT HAND IN THE GRISLY CACHE OF OTHERS. IT IS THE **SECOND** ONE HE HAS LOST...



... THEN HE DOES WHAT HE MUST, AS DICTATED BY HIS INSANITY, BY HIS HATE, BY HIS LUST FOR REVENGE, AND...



... BY HIS HERITAGE...

IN THE COUNTRYSIDE THAT SURROUNDS THE TOWN OF CHANAELLES, FRANCE, NUMEROUS CHILDREN AND ADULTS WERE **SLAIN...RIPPED LIMB FROM LIMB...** BY SOME FOUL, **HELL-SPAWNED** CREATION!! IT WAS DESCRIBED AS COVERED BY DIRT-ENCRUSTED GRAY HAIR...STOOD UPRIGHT...WITH POINTED EARS, AND THE NOSE OF A **PIG!!** SOME THOUGHT HE WAS **SATAN INCARNATE**, BUT THE SCREAMS THAT ROSE FROM THE STILL MOUNTAIN BREEZES CRIED....

...WEREWOLF...

WRITTEN BY
ED FEDORY
ILLUSTRATED BY
XIRINIUS

FOR OVER THREE YEARS, THE WEREWOLF OF LE GEVAUDAN FEASTED ON THE POPULUS OF FRANCE. TENDER BODIES WERE CRUSHED IN HIS MUSCLED JAWS WHILE HIS RAMPAGE CONTINUED, UNMOLESTED!



A BRAVE AND DEVOUT FRENCHMAN, BY THE NAME OF **JEAN CHASTEL** FINALLY STOPPED THE **SENSELESS SLAUGHTER** WITH A **LONE SILVER BULLET** THAT LODGED IN THE **CREATURE'S HEART!!**

THE CREATURE WAS SKINNED, AND LATER DISPLAYED TO THE FRENCH AUTHORITIES. WHATEVER BECAME OF THE **SKIN**, IS **UNKNOWN!** PERHAPS IT IS NOW ROTTING, **SANS FUR**, IN SOME **PARISIAN CELLAR...**

... OR, PERHAPS EVERYTHING THAT HAS GONE BEFORE, ARE **LIES**, AND THE **WEREWOLF** OF **LE GEVAUDAN** STILL **LIVES** TO ROAM THE HILLS OF **FRANCE!! BON SOIR!!!**

FROM WHAT **MALIGNANT MENU** SPRINGS THE FOOD OF **FETID SOULS**.... WHO LADLES OUT THOSE POOLS OF **GLOBULAR, BLACK BREDGE** THAT BUBBLES AND PUSHES THE **PERFUMES** OF **PUTREFACTION** IN AN **ASSAULT** AGAINST THE AIR?!! THE TRAY'S **PREPARED**--- THE GRAVY'S **PREGNANT** WITH **MEAT**--- THE **MEAL** IS **SERVED** BEFORE THEM...

...AND THE CORRUPT SHALL DINE!!!

WRITTEN BY **ED FEDORY**
ILLUSTRATED BY **RUBIO**

AFTER THE
HAPPENINGS OF
TONIGHT, A **HOT**
MEAL WILL TASTE
TERRIFIC!!

AHHHH!
IT SMELLS
DELICIOUS!

I TRUST YOU
WILL FIND IT AS
TASTY AS IT
SMELLS!



...UNTIL **THIS**
NIGHT, I HELD
THESE
SUSPICIONS!
I WAS **SO**
SURE!! SO
CONFIDENT!!!

QUICKLY!!

**GET THE
TORCHES!!**



**THERE!!! HE RUNS
TO THE RUINS OF
CASTLE ZORKA!!**

HE'LL SOON TASTE THE
**SPLINTERS OF THE
STAKE!!**

**FASTER, MEN!!
FASTER!!!**



EXCELLENT!
EXCELLENT!!

WHEN YOU FINISH WITH THAT
MOUTHFUL...

...YOU MUST TELL
ME ABOUT THIS
INJUSTICE!

A WRONG AGAINST
MY PERSON?!

TRUTHFULLY,
I WAS UNAWARE
OF IT!

"...WELL, YOU MUST ADMIT, THAT YOUR ARRIVAL DID COINCIDE WITH THOSE
MYSTERIOUS DEATHS... AND YOUR HABITS, SO STRANGE...

HIS PRACTICE THRIVES IN THE VILLAGE!
THE LETTING OF BLOOD IS A NEW SCIENCE.....
ONE TOO EASILY ACCEPTED BY THE COMMON FOLK!

IT HAS ONLY BEEN SINCE HIS ARRIVAL THAT
OUR VILLAGE HAS FALLEN BENEATH THE...

...CURSE OF THE
VAMPIRE!!!

IT MUST BE HIM!!
NEVER HAS HE BEEN
SEEN IN THE HOURS OF
DAYLIGHT!!

THE VAMPIRE... I HAVE
JUST SEEN HIM!!!

QUICKLY!!! B'FORE
HE ESCAPES!!!

HA HA HA HAAAA!!!

PACK OF
IGNORANT
FOOLS!!!

HAH HAH
HAH

I FEAR HE DRAWS BLOOD IN YET
ANOTHER MANNER!!...

...HIS PRESENCE
DEMANDS
WATCHING!!!



AS THE **FOX** TO THE **DOGS**, I HAVE
LED YOU A **MERRY CHASE...**

...BUT AS **YOU**
CAN SEE...

...IT **MUST NOW**
COME TO AN **END!!**

PERHAPS **ANOTHER**
NIGHT, THE **FOX**
WILL BE **CAUGHT!!**

...TIL THEN, **GUARD**
YOUR **CHILDREN**
WELL !!!

HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA HA

...THEN, WHILE ALL STOOD **MOTIONLESS** AS IF THEIR
FEET WERE **ROOTED** TO THAT **EVIL TURF... YOU**
ATTACKED.... LIKE A **BLUR OF DARKNESS !!**



DIE!!...

...**BASTARD SON**
OF **HELL!!!**



A **LUSCIOUS**
FEAST!!

I ONLY HOPE THAT
I DID NOT **SOUR** YOUR
APPETITE WITH MY
CONFESSION!

NOT AT ALL!!

I FOUND IT ALL
MOST INTERESTING!!

ONE THING,
HOWEVER....

...YOU MENTIONED
MY "**HABIT**" AS
STRANGE!



THE **CREATURE I**
SLEW THIS NIGHT WAS
SOMETHING **MOST FOUL!**

STILL, I CAN **UNDERSTAND**
YOUR **SUSPICIONS!**

MY **HABITS ARE**
STRANGE...

...NOT BY
CHOICE,
BUT BY...

...**TRADITION!!**

I **MUST** HAVE
THE **RECIPE** FOR THIS
FINE MEAL!

HERE! WRITE IT
ON THE BACK OF
THIS OLD CARD!

...HOW COULD I HAVE THOUGHT THAT YOU WERE THE VAMPIRE??!
I AM NOTHING BUT AN OLD FOOL!! BELIEVE ME, DEAR SERGE--- THEY
ARE THE WORST SORT!! OUR ENTIRE VILLAGE IS IN YOUR DEBT!!

DIE!!!!

...DOOMED
NEVER TO WALK
AMONGST MEN
AGAIN!!!

AAARRRGGRRAHH

...I MUST SAY, YOU PREPARE A FINE DINNER >BURP<
DELICIOUS, SERGE! DELICIOUS!!

THE OLD WAYS, ARE NOT EASILY LOST!!...

...MANY OF MY PEOPLE STILL OBSERVE THEM!

ALAS, THEY ARE USUALLY THE FIRST LOST!!

MYSELF?

I HAVE TAKEN THE
TRADITIONS OF THE
PAST, AND APPLIED
THEM TO THE
PRESENT...

...OF COURSE,
IN A SOCIALLY
ACCEPTABLE
MANNER!

YOUR RECIPE, DOCTOR!

THANK YOU!!!

...I'LL HAVE THE COOK
SCHEDULE IT FOR
DINNER TOMORROW!

THAT MEAL
SURE MADE ONE'S
MOUTH WATER!

MOUTH
WATER?

AHH YES!
THAT'S WHERE
I WAS!

AS I WAS SAYING,
THE OLD WAYS
WERE RISKY!

BUT STILL, WE RETURN
TO THEM FROM TIME TO TIME!

ESPECIALLY WHEN DEALING
WITH SOMEONE....



...THIS...IS **CHARLES LAUGHTON**...

...THIS LATE GENTLEMAN WAS A **MASTER OF THE SCREEN**...

HIS MANY PORTRAYALS INCLUDE: **WOLVES... THE OLD DARK HOUSE... THE STRANGE DOOR... THE DEVIL AND THE DEEP... THE CLASSIC ISLAND OF LOST SOULS... LES MISERABLE... THE MAN FROM DOWN UNDER... THE CANTERVILLE GHOST...** AND THE INCREDIBLE AND PATHETIC PORTRAIT OF THE TORTURED CREATURE OF NOVELIST **VICTOR HUGO: THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME.**

THE **HORROR-MOOD TEAM** PROUDLY PRESENT A GLIMPSE INTO 3 OF HIS **FINEST SCREAM SCREEN SCENES!**

...ESMERALDA...

...I LOVE YOU... I LOVE YOU...
I AM ONLY **STUPID... UGLY...**
WHEN YOU SPEAK I CANNOT
HEAR YOU... THE BELLS HAVE
MADE ME **DEAF...**

... BUT I LOVE
YOU AS **ANY MAN**
WOULD LOVE YOU...
BUT ONLY AS I CAN
... IN MY OWN
WAY...

...I...
LOVE
YOU...



THIS SCENE FROM

THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME

WAS ONE OF THE
MOST POWERFUL PORTRAITS OF A DEGENERATE HUMAN
EVER FILMED... **LAUGHTON** PLAYED THE HUNCHBACK...
MAUREEN O'HARA WAS THE LOVELY **ESMERALDA**,
AND CREEPY **CEDRIC HARDWICK** THE ROTTEN PRIEST...



IN THE **ISLAND OF LOST SOULS** LAUGHTON WAS A CRUEL **MADMAN** WHO SPEEDED UP EVOLUTION TO MAKE ANIMALS SOMEWHAT **HUMAN-LIKE**... IT **BACK-FIRED** ON HIM WHEN THE **LEADER** OF THE **ANIMAL-MEN**... **BELA LUGOSI**... TURNED ON HIM AND 'DEALT OUT' SOME IRONIC JUSTICE BY EXPERIMENTING ON HIS **LIVE... SCREAMING BODY**... ONE OF THE MOST **BRUTAL** SCENES IN THE FILM IS ONE, STRANGELY, WHICH IS WITHOUT **ACTION**, WHEN LAUGHTON EXPLAINED HIS BRUTAL PHILOSOPHY WHILE LEERING AT THE MOVIE AUDIENCE...

YOU...

...SANCTIMONIOUS DRIVELLING **FOOLS**... YOU SPEAK OF **HUMANITY** YET YOU FOR BID A **SCIENTIST** HIS **EXPERIMENTS** TO FURTHER MANKIND'S **GLORY**...

...YOU **SNEER** AND YOU SPIT ON ME WITH **DISGUST**... YOU... YOU STUPID WRETCHED MASS OF IGNORANT PEASANTS

...I AM **GENIUS**...

...YOU MAKE **MOCKERY** OF **INTELLIGENCE**... YOU ARE **NO BETTER** THAN THE **ANIMALS** YOU KEEP AS **PETS**!!



...YOU JEAN VAL JEAN...

...YOU THINK YOU ARE NOT A CRIMINAL BECAUSE YOU MERELY STOLE A **LOAF OF BREAD** FOR YOUR CHILD... WELL SIR, LET ME TELL YOU THAT YOU **ARE**...

...HAD YOU BEEN CONTENT TO REMAIN IN JAIL AND SERVE YOUR SENTENCE YOU WOULD BE A **FREE MAN** TODAY.

...BUT TODAY INSTEAD, TODAY YOU ARE A **HUNTED MAN**...

...AND **RIGHTFULLY**... YOU **FLAUNT** THE LAW IN MY FACE AND I SHALL **ARREST** YOU... AND I SHALL SEE THAT YOU ARE **PROSECUTED**... YOU ASK ME TO LET YOU **FREE**... YOU MIS-JUDGE ME SIR... WHATEVER I THINK OF YOU PERSONALLY... I HAVE MY DUTY...

...AND IF YOU DO NOT COME ALONG WITH ME NOW I SHALL **SHOOT YOU DIRECTLY THROUGH THE HEART**...

LES MISERABLE

WAS ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY LAUGHTON ADAPTATION OF A VICTOR HUGO CLASSIC... IN THIS FILM HE FANATICALLY HOUNDED THE DESPAIRING INNOCENT-CRIMINAL **JEAN VAL JEAN**... PLAYED BY **FREDERIC MARCH**. FINALLY CORNERING HIM IN THE MIDDLE OF A **WAR**... LAUGHTON AS **INSPECTOR JAVERT** QUIETLY AND TERRIBLY TOLD OF HIS LEGAL PRINCIPLES...

...THE DIALOG IS BY **ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON** AND IS NOT, FOR COPYRIGHT REASONS, THE ACTUAL WORDS OF **CHARLES LAUGHTON**... THE **CONTEXT** OF THE WORDS ARE CORRECT HOWEVER AND REPRESENT THE SCENES VERY ACCURATELY...

STARCHILD

CYX HAD BEGUN TO FEAR THEY WOULD NEVER FIND A SUITABLE PLANET, THAT THEY WOULD SIMPLY DRIFT ENDLESSLY THROUGH SPACE UNTIL THE CHILD GREW OLD AND WITHERED AND... DIED.

NOW, AFTER SEVENTEEN YEARS, HIS SENSORS BEGAN TO BLINK AND THROB, IMPRINTING NECESSARY DATA ON HIS MEMORY BANKS. TIME TO TELEPATHICALLY STIR THE CHILD FROM UNTRoubLED DREAMS..



WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY **BRUCE JONES**

AWAKEN, CHILD--
WE WILL DESCEND UPON
THE PLANET BELOW IN A FEW
HOURS. AWAKEN AND
REMEMBER ALL YOU HAVE
BEEN TAUGHT. ACKNOWLEDGE...

I AM AWARE.
OH, HOW LOVELY...
ARE THESE...
STARS?

GOOD. YOUR VOICE IS CLEAR,
RESPONDING EXCELLENTLY. YES,
THEY ARE STARS AND THIS IS
SPACE. THE SPHERE BELOW IS A
PLANET CAPABLE OF SUSTAINING
YOU.

I SEE YOU NOW... THE
SMALL METALIC CYLINDER. YOU
ARE A **CYXBRETNIC 7-400-G**.
I AM TO CALL YOU **CYX**. CORRECT?

EXCELLENT. . .YOUR
RETENTION IS PERFECT. RECITE
FOR ME WHILE WE DESCEND...



I AM A HUMAN FEMALE FROM EARTH AND AM 17 YEARS OLD.

I WAS CONCEIVED ABOARD THE STAR SHIP *DORI ANN*. ON NOV. 12, 3033 MY PARENTS AND CREW **PERISHED** IN A **COSMIC STORM**. I WAS BORN IN SPACE UP IN THE STAR BELT REGION OF THE **NEILIAN GALAXY**.

GOOD NOW TELL ME ABOUT ME.

YOU ARE A COMPUTER ROBOT BUILT INTO THE *DORI ANN* TO FUNCTION AS CHIEF NAVIGATOR. YOU SURVIVED THE ACCIDENT OF NOV. 12...

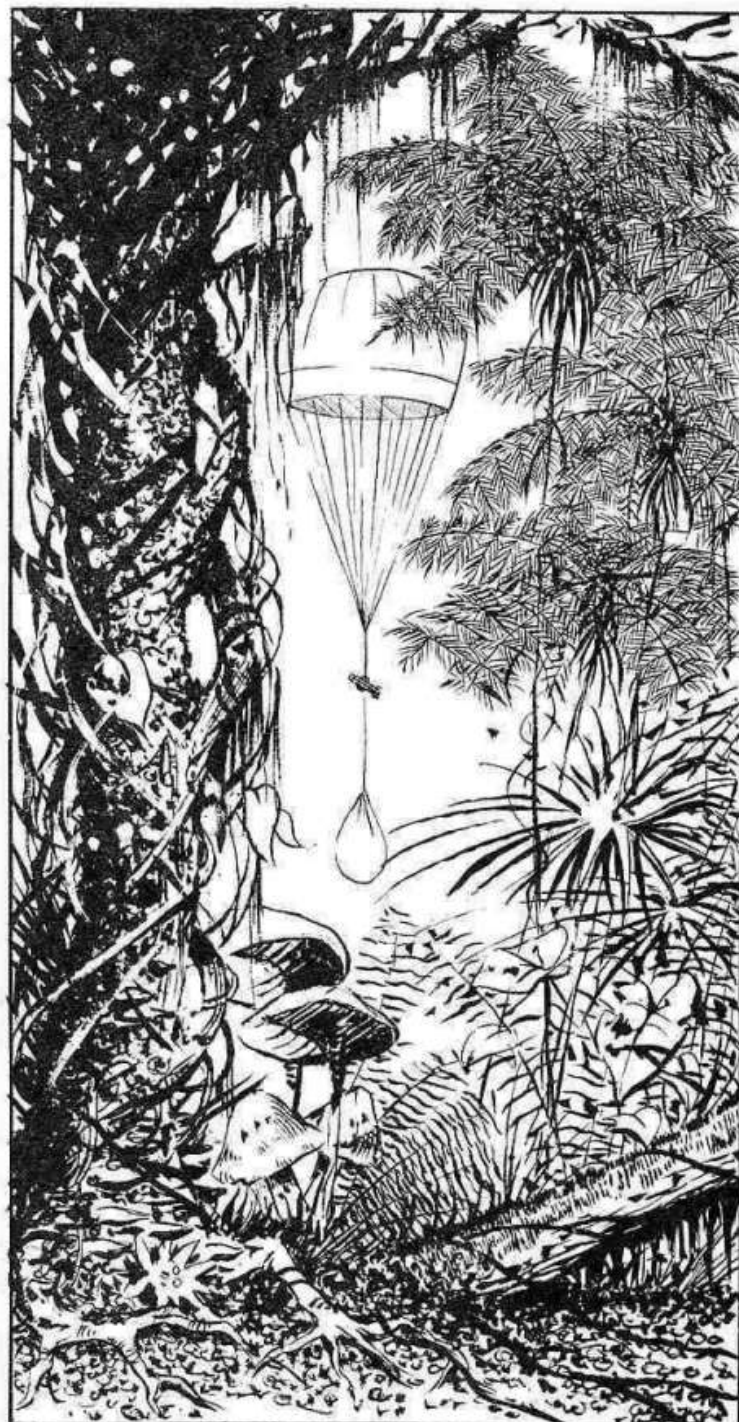
...SALVAGED EQUIPMENT FROM THE WRECK, AND CONSTRUCTED A MEANS OF SELF-PROPULSION IN SPACE...

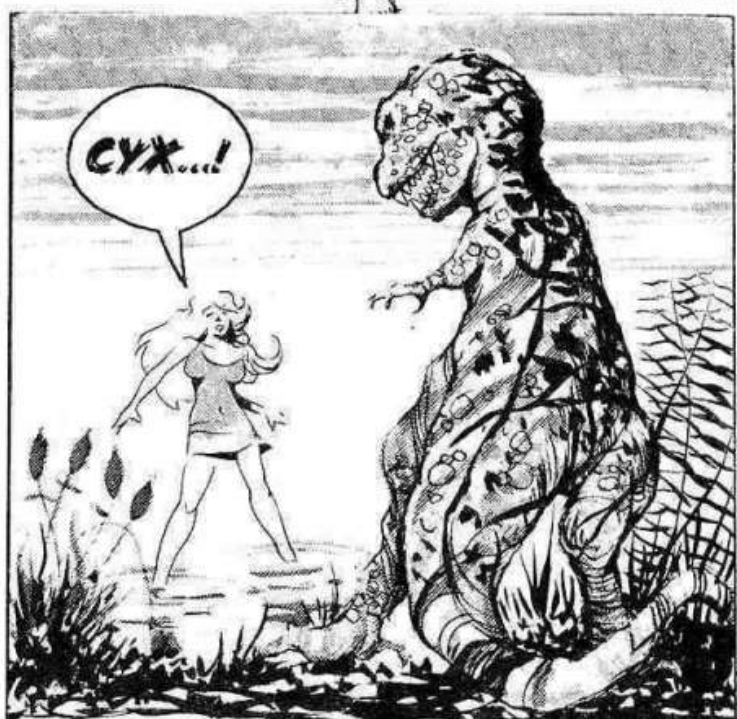
...YOU FOUND ME FLOATING IN SPACE, STILL ALIVE WITHIN MY MOTHER'S WOMB.

YOU **ABORTED** ME AND PROVIDED ME WITH **LIFE SUPPORT**.

WE ARE ENTERING ATMOSPHERE. YOUR HEAT RESISTANT **PLACENTS** AND **UMBILICAL CORD** ARE VISIBLE NOW AGAINST THE SKY.

LOOK **CYX!** LOOK AT THE **COLORS!**







IT IS A FORM OF REPTILE, I BELIEVE. I WILL TEACH YOU TO PREPARE AND COOK IT...



UM-M-M, I LIKE EATING, CYX. IT IS PLEASANT. I FEEL... I AM SO FULL...

SLEEP NOW, CHILD. I WILL WATCH AND TOMORROW WE WILL BUILD A SHELTER.



GRAPES! LOOK, CYX, I FOUND WILD GRAPES!

I SEE THEM. RUN CHILD... RUN AND BE FREE...



THEY ARE DELICIOUS! I LOVE THIS WORLD, CYX. IT IS BOUNTIFUL AND SWEET...

AND DANGEROUS, WERE YOU ALONE...



OH, YES, CYX. WITHOUT YOU I WOULD BE LOST! I OWE YOU SO MUCH... STAY WITH ME ALWAYS... NEVER LEAVE ME...

I WILL NOT LEAVE YOU, CHILD. COME, I WILL TEACH YOU MORE...



QUIETLY NOW... RAISE
THE SPEAR... YOU ARE
ALMOST WITHIN
RANGE. DO NOT
FRIGHTEN HIM...



GOOD
THROW!



IT IS YOURS, CHILD...
YOUR VERY OWN
KILL. YOU DID IT
YOURSELF!

BUT YOU
TAUGHT ME,
CYX.



YOU ARE
CONTENT THEN,
CHILD? YOU ARE
NOT... LONELY?

LONELY?!
WHAT IS THAT?
I AM VERY
HAPPY HERE.
I HAVE THIS
BEAUTIFUL
WORLD...

...AND I
HAVE YOU, CYX.
TOMORROW
WE CAN EXPLORE
THE VALLEY
BEYOND THE
MOUNTAINS
AND...



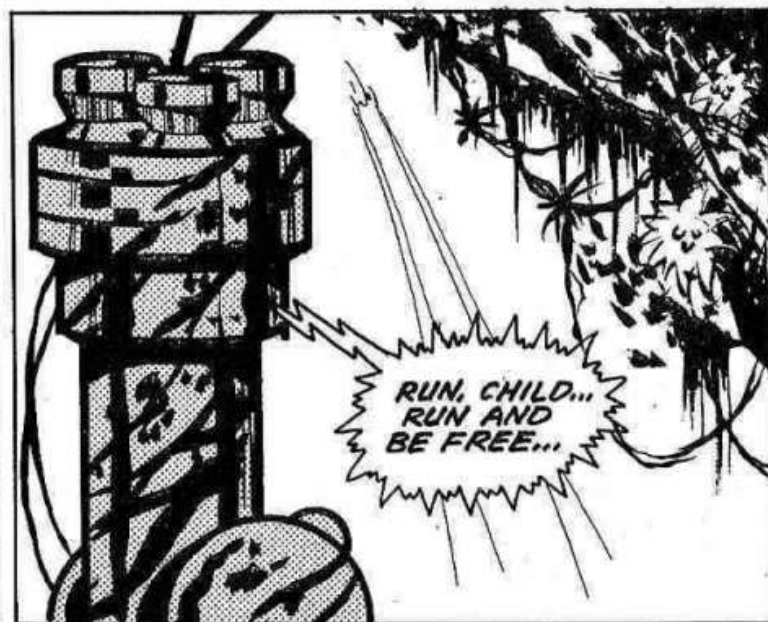
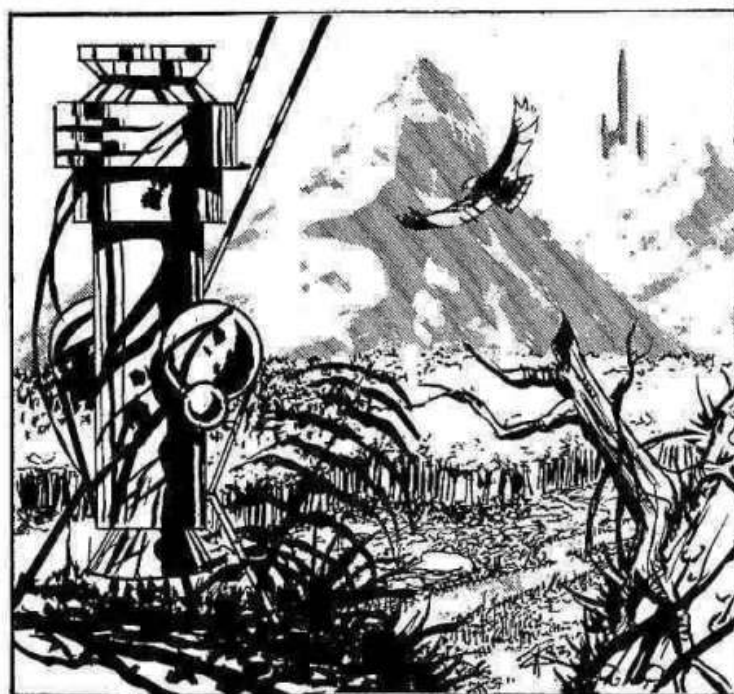
CYX! ARE
YOU LISTENING
TO ME?

I AM
RECEIVING A
SENSOR READING
FROM THE SKY...



CYX,
WHAT IS
IT?

A SHIP...
A STAR
SHIP...



...IN 1954 UNIVERSAL PICTURES
RELEASED A MAD FILM THAT WAS
ONE OF THE **WEIRDEST** HORROR
MOVIES TO COME OUT OF THE 1950'S
...THIS IS THE **SCREAM SCREEN**
SCENE FROM THAT STORY OF THE
THING THAT CAME OUT OF THE
WATER TO **PROTECT** HIS OWN
KIND AND WAS FORCED TO
KILL!

I'M GOING
TO FIND OUT WHY
FISHERMEN ARE AFRAID
OF THESE WATERS...

TAKE ME
WITH YOU...

THEY REPORT
OF SOME **STRANGE**
CREATURES...

THIS...IS THE TALE OF...

THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

THE TWO
PREPARED
FOR THE SEARCH
OF THE BLACK LAGOON
WATERS... THEN **PLUNGED** INTO
THE LAGOON LOOKING FOR
SOMETHING **STRANGE** THAT WOULD
TELL THEM WHAT WAS **EVIL** ABOUT
THIS PLACE...

THEY SEARCHED SEVERAL HOURS
EACH DAY... BUT NOT UNTIL
THE THIRD DAY DID THEY **SEE IT!**



...THE THING TURNED WITH
WRETCHED BLACK EYES LEERING
AT THEM...



THEY WERE FROZEN
IN **PANIC**...NOT KNOW-
ING **WHAT** IT **WAS** BUT
REALIZING ONLY THAT
THEY HAD COME INTO
WATERS THEY
SHOULD HAVE
LEFT **ALONE!**



...IT **ADVANCED** AT THEM...
SLOWLY...**STALKING** THEM...



...THEN **LUNGED** AT
THE TWO...**RIPPED**
AT THEM...**CLAWED**
AT THEIR **AIR-LUNGS**
AND **CRUSHED**
THEIR **LIFE-**
SUPPORTS...

...FOR **IT** DID ONLY WHAT
IT **HAD** TO DO...**PROTECT**
ITSELF AND ITS **KIND**
IN THIS **BLACK LAGOON**
IN THIS **SOUTH AMERICAN**
LAND... **WHATEVER** THE
HUMANS DO **NOW** WILL
DETERMINE ITS NEXT
ACT...IF **IT** IS LEFT **ALONE**
THERE WILL BE **PEACE**...
BUT IF THE HUMANS
WANT TO **FIGHT**, THERE
WILL BE A **WAR!**



FOR COPYRIGHT REASONS, THIS IS NOT AN ACTUAL SCENE FROM UNIVERSAL'S
"CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON"... BUT AN EXAMPLE OF THE WEIRD STORY.

INDIA.... NARROW PASSAGEWAYS BEDECKED WITH **MYRIAD BEGGARS**... BAKED-CLAY HUTS STANDING SWAY-BACKED IN THE NOON-DAY SUN... A LAND OF **STRANGE** PEOPLE AND OBJECTS, ACCOMPANIED BY **SMELLS** THAT **DEFY** OLFACTORY RECOGNITION !! PERHAPS IT IS A DINNER BEING COOKED ON THE OPEN HEARTH ...OR **PERHAPS** A **FUNERAL PYRE** THAT **SPEWS HUMAN DEBRIS** ON THE ROOF OF A NEIGHBORING HUT!! BUT **EVEN** HERE, THERE ARE **THINGS** NEVER SPOKEN OF... STORIES THAT DEFY THE **ANCIENT** SCIENCES AND HUMAN COMPREHENSION... **CHRONICLES** WRITTEN IN THE **BLOOD** OF MEN, IN LETTERS **CAKED** AND **DRY**, THAT READ...

THE BUTCHERED AT EARTH'S CORE!!!





IN RETURN FOR
THIS SMALL
KINDNESS, I WILL
RELATE TO YOU A
STORY... ONE OF
ANCIENT ORIGINS,
THAT WILL **TEST...**
...THE **FIBER** OF
YOUR **MIND!!**

HA HA!!
A FAIR
BARGAIN!
TELL YOUR STORY...
...LEPER!!



NOT **HERE**,
EUROPEAN!! THE
NOON-DAY **SUN** SEARS
THIS **RAW** AND **TENDER**
FLESH!! BUT, I DO
KNOW A **PLACE** WHERE
WE MAY TALK! **COME!!**
YOU **MUST**
FOLLOW ME!!

AFTER AN **HOURLY** WALK THROUGH
NUMEROUS **DUST-CLOUDED**
ALLEYS...

ROTTEN TIMBERS MOAN BENEATH THE ONSLAUGHT OF A MAN'S WEIGHT AS THE
TREK REACHES FINALITY AT A **SHABBY** DWELLING IN THE **ELDEST** QUARTER
OF THE CITY!!



I'LL **NEVER**
FIND MY WAY
OUT OF THIS
MAZE!!... NEVER!!!
HOW MUCH
FARTHER??!

IT IS
ONLY A MATTER
OF **STEPS!**



AT LAST!
IT'S ABOUT
TIME!!

SEE, YOUR
PATIENCE HAS
BEEN...
... **REWARDED!**

STRANGE ODORS CLING TO THE WALLS... A **NOXIOUS** STENCH ASSAULT
THE SENSES... THE **SMELL** OF **DECAY**... THE **BREATH** OF A **CHARNEL-HOUSE!!**
SUDDENLY, AS IF TO BREAK ANY REVERY THE MIND MAY TOY WITH...

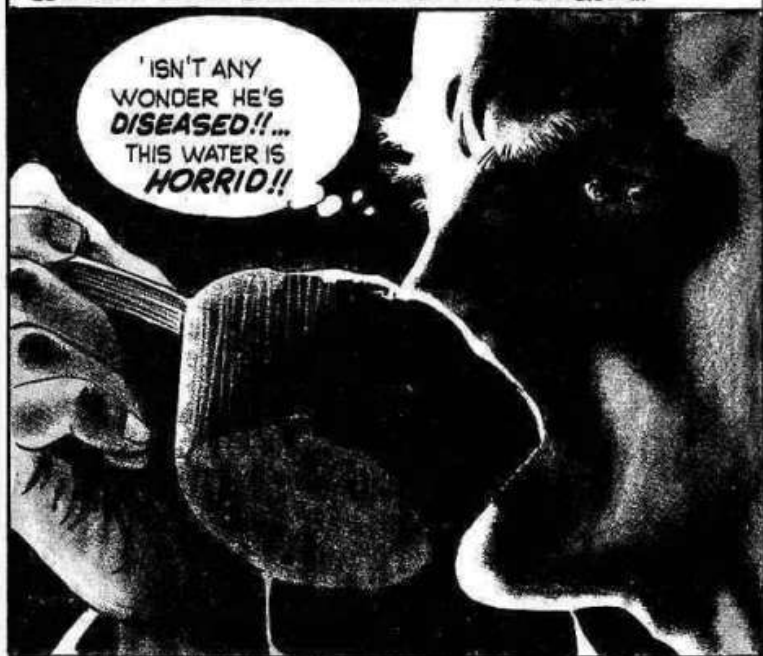


YOUR **THROAT**
MUST BE **PARCHED**
FROM OUR JOURNEY...
... A **DRINK** OF
WATER ??

YES! MY THROAT FEELS
LIKE **PARCHMENT!!**
SOME **WATER** WOULD
BE WELCOME!!



THE **DRYNESS** OF A **DUST-CLOGGED** THROAT WAS **ECSTASY** COMPARED TO THE **FETID** TASTE OF THAT **FOUL** LIQUID...



WITHIN THE SPAN OF
MERE **SECONDS...**



TTTTUUUNNNHHH

HA HA HA
HAAAAAAAAA
GGOOOOODDD!!
GOOD!!!
HAH HAH HAH
HHAAAAHHH

UNSEEN BY **HUMAN** EYES, A
STRANGE TRANSFORMATION
TAKES PLACE...



CUMBERSOME
GARB!! A
GLORY TO BE RID
OF SUCH
OUTFITTINGS
AS THESE!!!



WITHIN
THE **HOUR** YOUR
FATE WILL BE
SEALED,
HUMAN!!!

AS THE **EMBROIDERED** FABRIC SWAYS IN THE
STILL AIR, A **FIGURE** SAUNTERS ALONG A
HIDDEN RENT IN THE EARTH'S SURFACE...



WHEN THE
MASTER HEARS
OF THIS, **HE** WILL
LOOK WITH
FAVOR UPON
ME!!!

SOON, IN A MASSIVE CAVERN BELOW THE SURFACE...

AHHHHH!!
IT IS BUT A **GIFT**
OF THE **GODS** THAT SUCH
BEAUTY EXISTS!!!

BRING
THE
LAUNCH!!

QUICKLY!!
WE MUST BRING HIM
TO THE **MOTHER-SHIP**
BEFORE HE REGAINS
CONSCIOUSNESS!!



INDEED,
THIS HAS BEEN
A **DAY** OF
GOOD
FORTUNE!



AS THE TINY WAVELETS BEAT AGAINST THE **MASSIVE, POLISHED HULL** OF THE **MOTHER-SHIP**, A FAMILIAR VOICE IS HEARD...

HOO!! PENTAR!! AGAIN THE GODS HAVE LOOKED TO YOUR AID!!

TRUE, ZOPAK!!... AND, YOU AND THE MOTHER-SHIP ARE BOTH WELCOME SIGHTS TO THE WEARY EYES OF THE...HUNTER!!

AHHH!! MY BROTHER... WELCOME HOME!!

IT IS GOOD TO RETURN, ZOPAK!!



THE **MASTER** WILL BE **PLEASED!!**... FOR **MANY A CYCLE** WE HAVE NOT HAD A **CAUCASIAN!!** THIS COULD MEAN A **PROMOTION!!**

CAUCASIAN... LEAN, WITH THE RIGHT AMOUNT OF FAT... SHOULD BRING A GOOD PRICE!! INDEED, THE PROSPECTS LOOK GOOD!!

...OOOHHHHHHH...
OOOOOHHHHH...

IT ISN'T **STRANGE** THAT THE **MASTER** PAYS YOU SO **WELL... YOU'RE THE BEST IN THE BUSINESS!!**

A GOOD DAY, LITTLE MORE!

SINCE WHEN HAS IT BEEN THE WAY OF **PENTAR...** TO BE **MODEST??**
HAH HAH HAH HAAAA!!

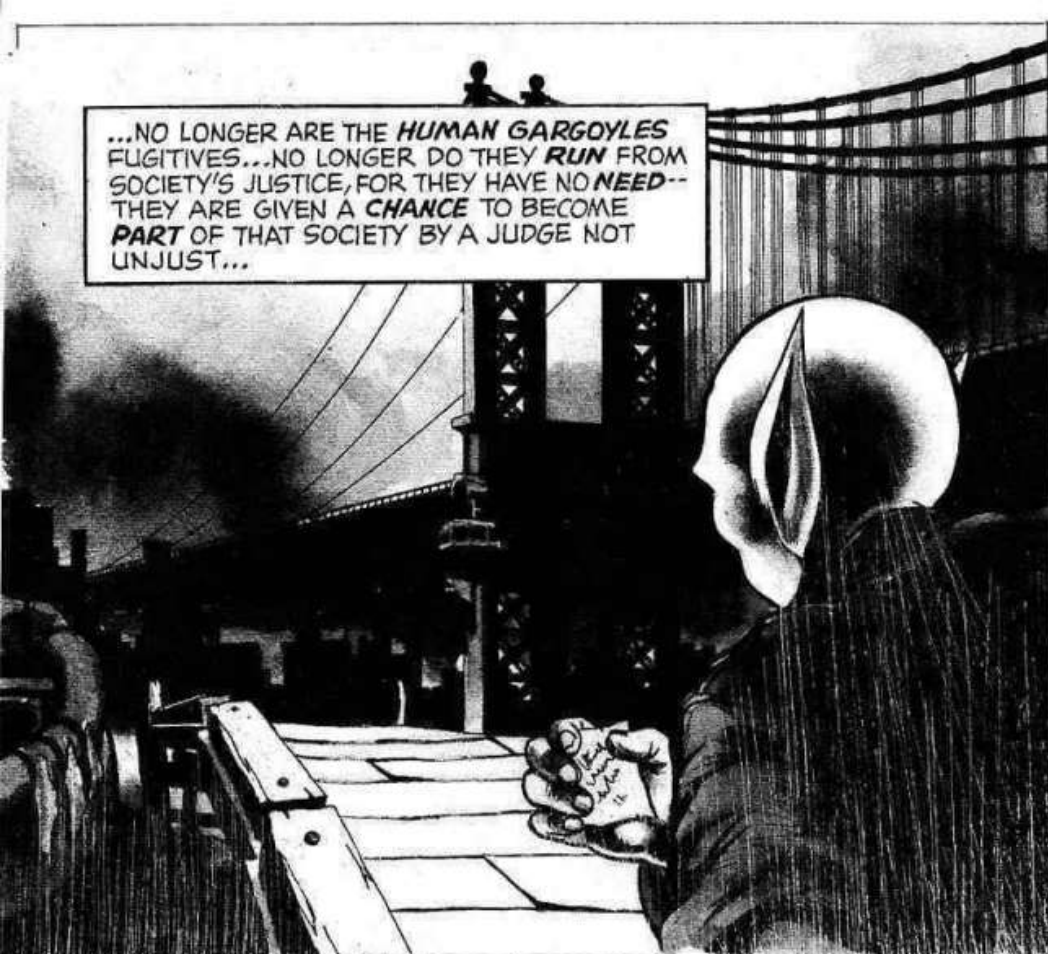
A VERY HUMAN QUALITY!!... PERHAPS THE HUNTER IS MORE AKIN TO HIS PREY THAT WE REALIZE!!!
HAH HAH HAH!!

NO, PENTAR... IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE THE MASTER GIVES YOU A...

OHHHHH... MY HEAD!! WHERE AM...







...NO LONGER ARE THE **HUMAN GARGOYLES** FUGITIVES...NO LONGER DO THEY **RUN** FROM SOCIETY'S JUSTICE, FOR THEY HAVE NO **NEED**-- THEY ARE GIVEN A **CHANCE** TO BECOME **PART** OF THAT SOCIETY BY A JUDGE NOT UNJUST...

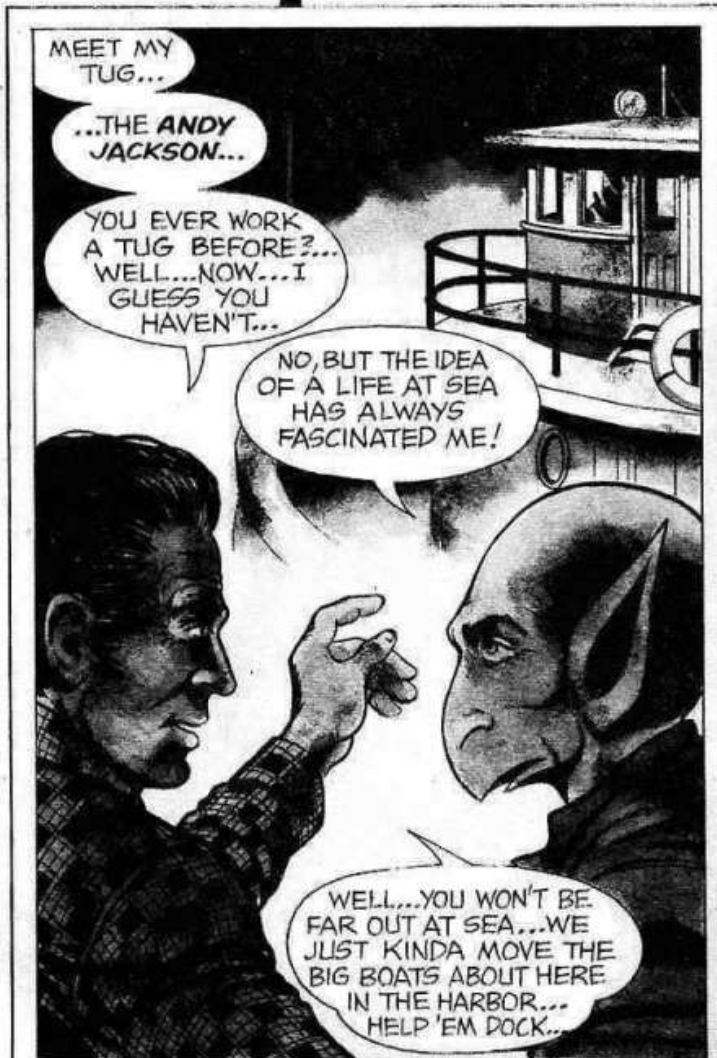


...WHO HAS GIVEN TO EDWARD THE NAME OF A MAN ON THE MANHATTAN WHARFS...

YES, EDWARD... JUDGE WALLACE GAVE ME A CALL--TOLD ME YOU WAS LOOKIN' FOR WORK...

I AM...YES... MR. ROANOKE...

...I HAVE A FAMILY TO SUPPORT...



MEET MY TUG...

...THE **ANDY JACKSON**...

YOU EVER WORK A TUG BEFORE?... WELL...NOW...I GUESS YOU HAVEN'T...

NO, BUT THE IDEA OF A LIFE AT SEA HAS ALWAYS FASCINATED ME!


WELL...YOU WON'T BE FAR OUT AT SEA...WE JUST KINDA MOVE THE BIG BOATS ABOUT HERE IN THE HARBOR... HELP 'EM DOCK...

...SO STARTS THE 4TH CHAPTER OF THE CONTINUING TALE OF THE **HUMAN GARGOYLES**...AS EDWARD SARTYROS LEARNS A **SKILL**...AND FOR THE FIRST TIME IN HIS SHORT LIFE KNOWS **WORK**...

...WORK FOR HIM IS A **NOVELTY**...IT IS PART N' PARCEL OF A DRIVING EMOTIONAL LUST TO BECOME **RESPECTED** IN THE ESTABLISHMENT MAINSTREAM OF AMERICAN LIFE...

...NOT WITHSTANDING THAT HE'S A GARGOYLE...

...AND NOT WITHSTANDING OUR MACABRE STORY THIS TIME AROUND...



and they did battle with the thing from underneath

WRITTEN BY ALAN HEWETSON
ILLUSTRATED BY MAELO CINTRON



...IT TOOK EDWARD ONLY **WEEKS** TO LEARN HIS CRAFT WELL...ONLY WEEKS TO BECOME SETTLED INTO A DAY-TO-DAY EXISTENCE...BROKEN **FOR** HIM BY A MAD YET CONTRIVED INCIDENT...

MR. ROANOKE!

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT SIR? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU?

...SOME PUNKS GOT ME... BEAT THE HELL OUTTA ME... THEY MENTIONED **YOUR NAME**, EDWARD...THEY SAID..."NO MAN SHALL BE A **FRIEND** TO EDWARD SARTYROS AND NOT KNOW **SATAN'S WRATH**..."

WHAT DID THEY **MEAN**, EDWARD?

MY FRIEND...

...AND I AM HONORED TO CALL YOU FRIEND, EVEN AS YOU BEAR THE SCARS GIVEN YOU BY **MY ENEMIES**...

MY FRIEND...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU WAS UNFAIR...IT WAS DONE TO YOU BY THOSE BLACK UNDERWORLD FORCES OF WHICH I HAVE SPOKEN OFTEN THESE LAST FEW WEEKS...

THOSE THINGS OF FILTH WHO TRY TO DENY ME MY EVERY ATTEMPT TO CIVILIZE MYSELF AND MY FAMILY...

OH MY GOD!

GOOD LORD EDWARD... WHAT IS IT?

...SOME OBSCENE THING SENT BY SATAN...

...ALWAYS HE SENDS ME OBSCENE **BEASTS** TO WRESTLE AND **BATTLE**...SOME TRY TO TALK ME TO DEATH...BUT THERE IS ALWAYS SOME EVIL **MOTIVE** IN **HIS** ACTIONS...

...I WILL **DEFEAT** THIS THING AS I HAVE DEFEATED THE **OTHERS**...IT IS THE **REPERCUSSIONS** FROM THE **LAW** AND THE **COURTS** THAT IS THE REASON FOR ITS **BEING**...

YET I HAVE NO CHOICE...

...IF I DO NOT FIGHT IT...SLAUGHTER IT...IT WILL ATTACK AND **KILL** THE MANY WHO GATHER TO WATCH...

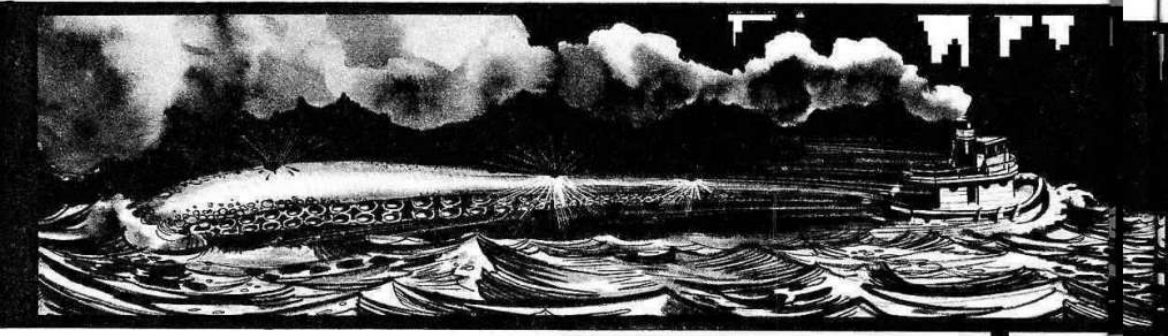
EDWARD... WHAT IS THIS THING?

WHATEVER IT IS MINA...IT SEEMS **ENDLESS** AND WITHOUT **BODY** ONLY THIS **TENTACLE** IS EXPOSED...TAKE ANDREW AND GUARD HIM WELL... DO NOT BECOME INVOLVED...

...DADDA... HEH HEH...

BUT EDWARD...

GO MINA... NOW...



JUNE 3, 1973
VOL. B. NO. 2133

THE MANHATTAN DAILY GAZETTE

ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS
WEATHER: GROTESQUE

THING BATTLES TENTACLE IN N.Y. HARBOR

Manhattan N.Y. (Archie). Recently this newspaper gave press coverage to the strange court case of the 'Sartyros Family' who claimed to be HUMAN GARGOYLES. Since that time Mr. Sartyros has been working as a dock laborer in the employ of Anderson Roanoke, a tugboat owner, in New York Harbor. Today, as hundreds watched from the river banks, Mr. Sartyros FLEW about and wrestled a monstrous TENTACLE which came out of the harbor this morning.

San Francisco Family battle macabre tentacle in harbor district at 34th Street during lunch time today before crowd of shocked citizens.

While this is hardly the strangest thing to happen in New York City, where strange things are everyday occurrences, it is important to note that the ex-circus family do not claim to be human, but refer to themselves as gargoyles come-to-life. Gargoyles are stone sculptures waterspouts which sit upon old European cathedrals, and Mr. Sartyros claims to have sat atop one such cathedral in Friedburg, Germany, for several centuries, his wife 'Mina' nearby. The birth of their child, Andrew, came only after their own re-birth into human form. Story continues page 68.

Big City Murder

STORY ON PAGE 2

Brothers In Crime

STORY ON PAGE 2



BUT WHY
MUST WE
LEAVE,
EDWARD...

...WE HAVE
THE TRIAL FOR
IMMIGRATION
COMING UP SOON
...AND THE
APARTMENT
SET UP...

...AND YOUR
JOB WITH
MR. ROANOKE
ON THE
TUGBOAT...



WE LEAVE
BECAUSE WE
MUST, MINA...

...THE PUBLICITY
ATTENDANT TO THE
BATTLE IN THE HARBOR
HAS TURNED OUR
PRESENCE IN MANHAT-
TAN FROM A MERE
CURIOSITY INTO A
MAJOR TOPIC OF PUB-
LIC INTEREST...



WE WILL
COME BACK
WHEN IT IS TIME
FOR THE TRIAL, MY
WIFE, BUT **NOW** WE
MUST GO **INTO**
AMERICA... IN
SEARCH OF
SOMETHING
ELSE... KNOWN
PERHAPS
...AS
HEAVEN...

...SOMEWHERE
THERE **MUST**
BE A HEAVEN...

...KNOWN
PERHAPS
...AS
HEAVEN...

...CARS CARS...

**NEXT...THE GARGOYLES
DO GO INTO AMERICA...
DEEP INTO THE SOUTH
WHERE MEN CHALLENGE
THEIR ORIGINS...IN A
TALE WE TITLE...**

ONCE UPON A TIME IN ALABAMA...A HORROR...

...the EYES are on US...

because YOU DEMANDED IT
the MOOD-TEAM is now working
madly to produce MORE horror magazines
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Gual . . . Zesar . . . Ed Fedory . . . Dennis Fujitake
Dela Rosa . . . Doug Moench . . . Suso . . . Sostres
Augustina Funnell . . . Segrelles . . . Domingo
and ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON . . . THAT'S why

the eyes are
on US . . . because
we're GOING PLACES

...TOMORROW come:

WIERD TALES OF THE MACABRE

T.M.

AND

GALLERY OF HORROR

T.M.

AND

TALES of HORROR in the TRADITION of EDGAR A. POE

T.M.

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LEARN HOW TO SCREAM IN SCREAM...

... from the SKYWALD
HORROR-MOOD
CORPORATION ...

...OH GOD...
...GOD...

THE THING IN THE PAINTING CRAWLS
OUT AND SCRATCHES AT THE AIR
GRABBING AND GRASPING AT HIS MURDERER

...WHY?...
...COULDN'T YOU LET
WELL ENOUGH ALONE?
...WHY JENNY?...

WHY?
...OH GOD...

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... within this fetid first edition you will visit THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND, learn of the WEIRD COUNTS, BLACK VAMPIRE BATS AND LUNATIC HORRORS, meet the dead thing that calls itself I, SLIME, sing HICKORY DICKORY DOCK, LAUGH THE LAUGH OF THE GRACEFUL DEAD, greet NOSFERATU and DRACULA, choke at THE SKELETON IN THE DESERT, laugh at the COMIC-MACABRE and weep at THE STRANGE PAINTINGS OF JAY CRUMB... and you will LEARN HOW TO SCREAM... and that's just the BEGINNING of it all...

WEIRD WARPED TALES OF LUNATIC SCREAMING HORRORS

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